The Mapleton Item.

VOL. 7. MAPLETON DEPOT, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1895. NO. 25

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

	P.M.	Night.	A.M.	A.M.		
New York	8.00	12.15	.....	9.30	.....	.....
Philadelphia	11.20	4.30	7.00	12.25	.....	.....
Washington	10.40	.....	.....	10.30	.....	.....
Baltimore	11.40	4.40	.....	11.25	.....	.....
	D'ly	D'ly.	D'ly.	D'ly.	Dly	Dly*
	A.M	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P M.	P. M.
Harrisburg	3.10	8.18	11.20	3.50	5.00	10.20
Rockville	...	8.31	11.31	....	5.13	10.31
Marysville	3.24	8.36	11.36	.....	5.18	10.34
Duncannon	3.38	8.54	11.50	4.15	5.34	10.47
Newport	3.59	9.24	12.14	4.37	6.02	11.08
Millerstown	...	9.36	.....	.....	6.13	.....
Thompsontown	...	9.47	.....	.....	6.24	.....
Port Royal	4.31	10.07	.....	.....	6.42	.....
Mifflin	4.37	10.14	12.52	5.10	6.47	11.40
Lewistown Jc.	4.58	10.40	1.12	5.29	7.13	11.58
McVeytown	5.20	11.08	1.33	.....	7.38	.....
N. Hamilton	5.38	11.32	.....	.....	8.00	.....
Mount Union	5.42	11.40	1.56	6.09	8.07	.....
Mapleton	5.49	11.48	.....	.....	8.14	.....
Huntingdon	6.08	12.10	2.17	6.28	8.32	12.55
Petersburg	6.21	12.25	2.30	.....	8.46	.....
Birmingham	6.48	12.54	2.57	h	9.10	.....
Tyrone	6.55	1.02	3.05	7.06	9.16	1.32
Bellwood	7.18	1.24	3.23	7.23	9.34	.....
Altoona	7.40	1.45	3.40	7.40	9.50	2.00
Pittsburg	12.10	6.50	8.10	11.30	.....	5.30
	P.M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P.M	A. M.

"h" stops to let off passengers from points east or south of Harrisburg.

	*D'ly	D'ly.	D'ly.	Dly	D'ly.	D'ly.
	A.M.	A. M.	A. M.	P.M.	P. M.	P. M.
Pittsburg	...	3.10	8.00	...	1.00	4.30
Altoona	5.00	7.15	11.40	2.00	6.05	9.05
Bellwood	5.14	7.30	11.52	2.17	6.20	9.19
Tyrone	5.28	7.48	12.03	2.35	6.37	9.33
Birmingham	5.32	7.53	g	2.42	6.42	...
Petersburg	5.53	8.17	...	3.06	7.06	...
Huntingdon	6.05	8.30	12.35	3.20	7.20	10.12
Mapleton	6.21	8.47	...	3.38	7.35	...
Mt. Union	6.28	8.53	...	3.46	7.41	10.32
N. Hamilton	6.33	8.58	...	3.51	7.46	...
McVeytown	6.52	9.15	...	4.12	8.04	...
Lewiston Jc.	7.15	9.35	1.33	4.38	8.26	11.16
Mifflin	7.38	9.55	1.50	5.03	8.47	11.37
Port Royal	7.44	9.59	...	5.09	8.52	...
Thompsontown	8.02	10.14	...	5.27	9.07	...
Millerstown	8.12	10.22	...	5.38	9.16	...
Newport	8.22	10.32	...	5.48	9.26	...
Duncannon	8.49	10.54	...	6.20	9.50	...
Marysville	9.04	11.07	...	6.39	10.04	...
Rockville	9.08	11.12	...	6.45	...	...
Harrisburg	9.20	11.25	3.10	7.00	10.20	1.00

Pittsburg 3.10, Altoona 6.25, Tyrone 6.47, Huntingdon 7.17, Harrisburg 9.30 A. M. daily.

	P. M.	P. M.	P. M	P.M.		A. M.
Baltimore	12.20	*3.10	6.15	*10.40		
Washington	1.25	*4.30	7.30			
Philadelphia	12.17	*3.00	6.23	11.15		4.30
New York	2.33	*5.53	9.23	3.53		7.33

*Week-days only. "g" stops to let off passengers from Pittsburg only.

Connecting trains leave as follows:

At Lewistown Junction.—For Sunbury 7.35 A. M. and 3.00 P. M. week days.

For Milroy 5.15, 10.45 A. M. and 3.15 p. M. week days.

At Huntingdon—For Bedford and Cumberland 8.35 A. M. and 6.35 P. M. week days. Bedford only 8.10 A. M. Sundays.

At Tyrone—For Clearfield and Curwensville 8.20 A. M., 3.15 and 7.30 P. M. weed days.

For Rellefonte and Lock Haven 8.10 A. M., 3.34 and 7.25 P M. week days.

For Scotia 7.50 A. M., and 3.10 P. M. week days.

For further information apply to ticket agents, or Thomas E. Watt, Passenger Agent, Western Division, 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 6:20 a. m., on Tuesday, April 16, 1895.

NORTH			STATIONS.	SOUTH.		
Mail, No. 3	Pass. No. 3	Mail, No. 1		Mail, No. 2.	Mixed, No. 4.	Mail, No. 6
P. M.	a. m.	a.m		A. M.	p. m.	p. m.
1 24	9 20	6 20	Robertsdale	11 42	9 10	6 00
1 36	9 32	6 32	Cook's	11 30	8 58	5 48
2 48	9 44	6 44	Cole's	11 18	8 46	5 36
2 54	10 10	7 10	Saltillo	10 48	8 16	5 06
2 57	10 29	7 20	*Pleasantville	10 41	8 09	4 59
				10 19	7 57	4 47
					7 45	
45	10 41	7 41	Rockhill	10 07	P. M.	4 35
					2 35	
3 00	10 56	7 56	Shirley	9 40	2 20	4 20
3 07	11 03	8 03	*Augh. Mills	9 33	2 13	4 13
3 20	11 16	8 16	Mount Union	9 20	2 00	4 00

SHADE GAP BRANCH.

WEST.		STATIONS.	EAST	
No. 10	No. 8		No. 9	No. 11
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
5 45	7 15	L Rockhill A	6 20	4 50
5 38	7 03	*Blacklog	6 27	4 57
5 30	7 00	*Cedar Rock	6 35	5 05
5 23	6 56	*Locke Vall'y	6 39	5 09
5 20	6 50	*Shade Gap Stair	6 45	5 15
		A Goshorn L		

All trains run daily except Sunday.

* Flag stations.

A. W. SIMS, Superintendent.

Union National Bank

OF HUNTINGDON.

No. 113 Fourth St.

K. AELEN LOVELL, President.
H. B. BRUMBAUGH, Vice President.
R. J. MATTERN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

J. C. Hazlett, E. S. McMurtrie, Calvin Green, K. A. Lovell and H. B. Brumbaugh.

Regular Discount Day—WEDNESDAY.

Deposits received subject to check. Collections made in all parts of the world, and a regular banking business transacted. Accounts with corporations, firms, individuals, and the business public generally, opened on most favorable terms. 513z.

Gentleman Jack.

Jack was a gentleman, although at first sight you might not have thought so. His clothes were made by the loving hand of his mother, and were patched and darned in many places. But jack adorned his clothes if they did not adorn him, and he wore his shabby suit with the air of a prince. His home was on Holly street, the very name denoting that it was in an unfashionable portion of the city. It was not a palatial mansion by any means, and Jack and his mother did not occupy the whole house even, but rented two rooms upstairs. Nevertheless, Jack was a gentleman.

Years ago, when Jack was little more than a baby, he began to observe many things. He observed that other boys had fathers to work for them, and that the mothers did nothing but keep house, some of them not even attending to that, but leaving the housework to the servants, the father bringing home the money by which the family was supported. But in Jack's case there was no father, no bread-winner but the delicate little mother, who toiled early and late at her needle, and who did not find time to attend to the housework sometimes till after midnight. This would be long after Jack had closed his bright eyes in slumber, and sometimes he would awaken and find his mother still working; Jack would then murmur, sleepily.

"Poor mamma! Are you tired?" and fall asleep, and the next time he would see her it would be daylight, and she would be preparing their simple morning meal.

When Jack grew old enough to reason, he asked, "Mamma, why don't I have a father like the boys? Did I never have one?

His mothesr' sweet face saddened, and her voice faltered, as she said, "Yes, Jack, your father was one of the noblest men on earth. He was a gentleman, Jack! But the Lord took him when you were only a tiny baby, and he is now in heaven, where you and I will meet him some day."

Of course, Jack had a great many questions to ask about his father. A delightful feeling of awe and importance came over him as he thought, "I have a father, too!"

His mother told a great many things about the father—of the pride he took in his infant son, and the plans he made for the boy's future, Jack's eyes sparkled.

"Why have you never told me this before mamma?"

"Because, my son, I want you to learn to think, and so I waited for the time when you would question me about him."

Jack reflected. "You say that my father was a gentleman. What is a gentleman, mamma?"

His mother laid down her needle and said, meditatively: "A gentleman! That word means so much, and yet people make it mean so little! They call every man who has plenty of money, lives in a fine house, and wears broadcloth, a gentleman, but a gentleman is more than that. The dictionary will tell you that a gentleman has refined manners. This does not mean that he only lives up to the laws of etiquette. Now you do not know what etiquette is. It is a set of rules that people have made, telling how we should behave in society. It is all right as far as it goes, my son, but there is a book that goes beyond this, and that book is the Bible! A man may be a gentleman and not be a Christian, but a genuine whole-hearted Christian must be a gentleman, even if he breaks some of the rules of etiquette. A very good rule to go by is the Golden Rule. A gentleman never uses vile language, even when ladies are not present. The great General Grant would not allow his officers to repeat a coarse story in his presence. The language of a gentleman is pure, because his heart is pure. He is gentle and thoughtful for the comfort of others. He scorns to tell an untruth. He is honest, just, conscientious. He is a Christian, in most cases. Jack, your father was all this. He was a true gentleman! Thank God for that!"

"And may I be a gentleman?" asked Jack, impressed by his mother' enthusiasm.

"May you? You *must* be a gentleman, Jack! You, the only son of such a gentleman, and not to be one!"

"But when shall I begin?"

"Begin now, my boy, and never do or say anything you are ashamed of. But you must ask God to help you."

And Jack added a new and what to some people would have seemed a startling petition to his prayer: "O Lord, help me to be a gentleman!" After that he grew more observant of the actions of men who came under his notice.

"Mamma, is that a gentleman?" he asked one evening, as they were returning from the corner grocery. "That" was a young man who, in jumping off a street car, brushed roughly against an old lady whose heavy basket was knocked from her arm. Several parcels fell to the ground, among them a paper sack of apples, which burst open, the fruit rolling in the dust.

"What do you think, Jack?"

The boy's eyes snapped, as the youngman, with no word of apology, passed out of hearing.

"No indeed, mamma! He doesn't know the Golden rule. May I—may I—be a gentleman?" She smilingly consented, and the little fellow, darting forward, began to pick up the apples. The woman, mistaking his intention, thought he meant to keep the fruit and exclaimed angrily:

"You let my apples alone!"

Jack lifted his cap, and standing erect before her, began to explain: "I am helping you, ma'am!"

But she replied, impatiently: "I know you're going to run away with some of my apples. Get away with you!"

Jack handed her the three apples and with a polite bow, said proudly: "You needn't be afraid of me, ma'am for I am a gentleman." But she still eyed him distrustfully, and he returned to his mother's side, saying ruefully: "Why won't she believe when I tell her I'm a gentleman?"

"Because she has in all probability been so teased by malicious boys that she mistrusts them all."

The next day—the Fourth of July—Jack and his mother took a holiday and rode on a street car to one of the parks. There was a proclamation that no smoking was permitted in the car, but out on the platform was a young man who was puffing away at a cheap cigar, the smoke from which was born by the wind through the open door, and into the face of a delicate looking woman who became very pale.

Finally she spoke to the conductor, asking that the smoker be compelled to give up his cigar. "There is no law against smoking on the platform," said the conductor. "You can change your seat, ma'am."

She did so, and the smoker continued to enjoy his cigar.

"Mamma," said Jack, indignantly "he is not a gentleman. Do you think that a gentleman will smoke at all?"

"You must answer that for yourself, my boy. What do you think?"

"Why, said the lad, "I think he is acting like a boor. I do not know what he calls himself, but when I grow up I want to be on the safe side. I shall be the sort of gentleman you are sure of and you won't need to say, 'he calls himself a gentleman,' but you'll say, 'he is one.'

While at the park, Jack heard some men near them talking in a very rough, boisterous manner, and he looked uneasily at his mother, but she did not seem to notice it, as her thoughts were far away, dwelling on the last Fourth of July she had spent with Jack's father.

At length the boy exclaimed, "do let us get away from this place, mama; it's not a fit place for you to be in!

Just then he heard the voice of a little girl near them.

"Mamma, she said, do tell papa not to drink any more of that dreadful beer. He'll use up all the money so we won't have any breakfast tomorrow, and he'll be so cross he'll beat you again.

Jack's eyes opened wide in horror. "Mamma, how dreadful! Can it be that beer makes a man as ugly as that—that—O mamma, I'll never taste beer as long as I live! A gentleman will never do so, I know!"

The heart of the mother rejoiced, for she saw that her lessons were taking effect.

Ten years have passed since that day. Jack and his mother are still in humble circumstances, for Jack is making his way through college, and there is never a penny to spare for luxuries. But Jack is helping to support the family; indeed, he is a man, or "gentleman of the house," as he expresses it. He has laid aside a goodly sum for a rainy day, and when he indulges in castle-building, his mother is the queen who is to grace his mansion, "for a gentleman will look out for his mother," he says.

Jack's mother has every reason to be proud of her son, for in spite of patched clothing, and toil-hardened hands, Jack is a gentleman.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Choosing a Calling.

The selection of a calling in life is an important matter in the history of every young man. This choice should not be made hastily, neither should it be postponed for too long a period.

First of all, he should have a desire for a certain profession or trade give it a irial and determine whether or not he is adapted to it; if he finds that his faculties are not in accord with the avocation which he has chosen and that he can not become efficient, he should abandon it and chose a calling that will not only be congenial, but one in which he can be successful.

After making the proper choice, he should put forth his best efforts to gain the mastery. At the very beginning he should remember that old, but true maxim, "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many young men fail because they slight their work, they aim to perform a large amount of labor without regard as to quality. "Not how much, but how well," should be adopted by every young man as a motto through life.

The writer served an apprenticeship under a man who was extremely rigid, and many times was compelled to perform the same work two or three times before receiving approval. At the time we thought he was too exact and lost patience, but it was not a great while until we concluded that he was pursuing the proper course and that good workmanship is necessary to success. Never leave what you have undertaken until you you have mastered it; you may fail at first, but stick to it, and you are bound to succeed.

Endeavor to become proficient in the occupation you have chosen. Some young men embark in a trade, with the idea of serving an apprenticeship term of say three years; after working six months they imagine they know more than the proprietor or foreman and start out in the busy world as a journeyman. Of course they wont succeed, because they are not acquainted with the work and can not execute it properly. Endeavor to become proficient and never be content until you have reached the top rung of the ladder of success. The world has great need to-day of competent tradesmen, and the young man who is efficient need not be without a situation, but on the contrary, his services will be in demand.

Dont depend too much on the forman or instructor; unless you are energetic and diligent, the best instructor in the world cannot succeed in inculcating into your mind a thorough knowledge of any profession or trade and you will have to content yourself in the lower walks of your calling.

Don't aim to occupy the easy places in life. The world to-day is full of young men who are after what is termed "soft snaps," they imagine that labor is humiliating and they seek a position where there is a small amount of work. A great many young men are eager to enter a certain profession or trade, whether they are adapted to it or not. This is a mistake, for how many people do we meet in life who have missed their calling, and consequently have failed to make a success of life. We published an article not long ago in which the idea was set forth that it was better to be a good farmer than to be a poor lawyer and that it was a pity to spoil a good blacksmith to make a poor carpenter, etc. The noblest thing in the world is work and all work is honorable. Seek labor that you are capable of performing; survey the ground and lay down the line of march before starting on your business journey. Seek to do your best at all times, whether your labor bo of hand or of brain, for by so doing, you will make a success of life and honor the calling which you have chosen.

Picnic of Patrons of Husbandry at Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa.--Reduced rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the twenty-second annual picnic and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa., September 14 to 21, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Centre Hall and return from Johnstown, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations; Tyrone and Clearfield and Bald Eagle Valley branches; Renovo, Dauphin, and intermediate stations; stations on L. and T. Branch, Shamokin Division, Summit Branch, and from Catawissa and intermediate stations, September 14 to 21, good to return until September 21, inclusive, at *a single fare for the round trip.*

On September 18, 19, and 20 special trains will be run from Bellefonte, Sunbury, Pardee and intermediate stations.

For specific rates and time of trains consult small bills, or apply to ticket agents.

The West Indies were so called by Columbus, he believing them to be a portion of the Indies which he had reached by sailing toward the west.

The alb, so often mentioned as a priestly garment, was a long gown, fastened with a belt.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

TEXT: "Behold, I see the heavens opened."—Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!"

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 22.

Lesson Text: "Joshua Renewing the Covenant," Joshua xxiv., 14-25—Golden Text: Joshua xxiv., 24—Commentary.

14. "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and in truth." Joshua had fulfilled his mission and had now come to the end of his sojourn in the mortal body, being about 110 years old (verse 29). He assembled the people at Shechem, and calling for the elders and judges and officers he reminded them of all the Lord's goodness and faithfulness and earnestly exhorted them to serve Him sincerely. "Serve" is the key word to this address. It is found in some form at least twelve times in our lesson, and suggests very strongly to us that we are saved in order to serve Him who saves us. See Ex. iv., 22, 23; I Thess. i., 9; II Chron. xxix., 11. We are also to serve always in the fear of the Lord, which includes a practical acquaintance with Him and a profound reverence and cordial affection for Him (Prov. i., 7; ix., 10).

15. "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." It is evident from this and the preceding verse that their ancestors beyond the river (R. V.) were idolaters. From such as these Abram was called out. God does not compel, but He sets before us the right and the wrong, drawing us strongly to the right by His Holy Spirit, yet leaving us to choose. The leaders, like Joshua, must make the choice first, for the people cannot be expected to choose the good if the leaders do not. If all teachers and preachers were as decided and whole hearted for God as Joshua there might be less worldliness in many places. We are all too apt to consider what others do and follow them. We should have Joshua's spirit of whole heartedness for God regardless of others. The race is to be run "looking unto Jesus," which implies looking away from all else (Heb. xii., 1, 2).

16-18. "Therefore will we also serve the Lord, for He is our God." This is the conclusion of the people's reply to Joshua's words. They acknowledge that the Lord their God brought them out of Egypt, preserved them in all the way and brought them into the land. Therefore they should certainly serve Him, and not other gods. Their fathers had, however, made as good resolutions as these at Horeb when they said, "All that the Lord hath spoken will we do" (Ex. xix., 8), but they broke their promises in a few weeks and were found worshiping a golden calf. The law which is holy and just and good cannot help us because the flesh is so weak (Rom. viii., 3).

19, 20. "And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord, for He is a Holy God. He is a jealous God." They could not serve Him in their own strength. They could not serve him and others, too (Math. vi., 24). The people of a Holy God must be a holy people (Lev. xix., 2; xx., 7, 26; xxi., 8; I Pet. i., 15, 16; Isa. vi., 8; Rev. iv., 8). Just seven times is God called a jealous God. Besides this verse see Ex. xx., 5; xxxiv., 14; Deut. iv., 24; v., 9; vi., 15; Nah. i., 2. Compare Jas. iv., 5, R. V., margin. The word translated "jealous" is the same word that is also translated "bought" or "purchased;" so that the thought in "jealous" is simply that of claiming what is rightfully His own. We are not our own, but bought with a price, that He may be glorified in us. We are a people for His own possession (I Cor. vi., 19, 20; Titus ii., 14, R. V.). We are to serve Him with a perfect or whole heart (I Chron. xxviii., 9), with humility (Acts xx., 19), with gladness (Ps. c., 2), with the Spirit (Rom. i., 9), and continually (Dan. vi., 16, 20). Of ourselves we cannot do this, but Christ can, and a Christian should be able to say truthfully, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii., 20). It is written of Him, "The Son of Man came to minister." "I am among you as He that serveth," "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor" (Math. xx., 28; Luke xxii., 27; John xii., 26). When we are fully yielded to Him according to Rom. xii., 1, 2, He will work in us both to will and to do (Phil. ii., 13; Heb. xiii., 21).

21. "And the people said unto Joshua, Nay, but we will serve the Lord." They seem very sincere and determined by His grace to serve Him, and we find that they did serve Him all the days of Joshua, and of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen the great works of the Lord that He did for Israel (verse 31; Judg. ii., 7).

22. "And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord to serve Him." When we take a stand for the Lord, it must of necessity be against ourselves, for we are by nature against God, "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii., 7). Our Lord also said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself" (Math. xvi., 24). From beginning to end of the Christian life it is a continued stand against self for God. "Even Christ pleased not Himself" (Rom. xv., 3). He never sought His own will, nor His own glory (John vi., 38; viii., 50), nor did He ever take credit to Himself for either words or works (John xii., 49; xiv., 10). Paul's mottoes were "Not I, but Christ," "Not I, but the grace of God" (Gal. ii., 20; I Cor. xv., 10.) See also II Cor. iv., 11.

23. "Now, therefore, put away the strange gods which are among you and incline your heart unto the Lord of Israel." The idols, the old man, the weights and besetting sins, are to be put away, put off and laid aside (Eph. iv., 22; Heb. xii., 1, 2), and eyes and heart must be ever unto Him. We must be very sincere and truthful through and through, for He desireth truth in the inward parts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart (Ps. li., 6; I Chron. xxviii., 9; I Sam. xvi., 7). Here again we are helpless and must pray "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies."

24. "And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey." The faithful servant has only to be willing and obedient" (Isa. i., 19) in order to be pleasing unto his Master. It is ours to be wise enough to hear only His commands and faithful enough to do them; He will see to all the results, and success, as He counts it, is sure. There are many voices to-day, but we must take good heed to hear only His voice.

25. "So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shecham." Then he set up a stone for a witness. Compare Gen. xxviii., 18; Ex. xxiv., 4; Joshua iv., 8, 9; then see Deut. xxxii., 1; Isa. i, 2, etc., as to inanimate nature being a witness to words and actions. But best of all remember the "Stone of Israel," who is the "faithful and true Witness" (Gen. xlix., 24; Rev. ii., 14), and live wholly and always unto Him.—Lesson Helper.

Cloud of Red Butterflies.

Ocean City, Md., was recently visited by thousands of large red butterflies. The wind was blowing strongly from the northeast. The heavens became almost dark with them. They moved in a southerly direction. It took more than an hour for them to pass over.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A ROLLING PIN OF GLASS.

The modern rolling-pin of glass, for pie crust, is hollow, so that it can receive the cracked ice necessary in handling puff paste. Much better than dipping the hands into ice water.—Chicago Times-Herald.

KITCHEN BRUSHES.

Few housewives seem to realize the convenience of keeping for kitchen use several stiff vegetable brushes, and assigning a separate use for each. These stiff, convenient vegetable brushes are of a suitable size for many kinds of work that cannot be so easily accomplished by any other means, and they are so inexpensive that a quantity may be kept for daily use. Good, stiff ones can be bought for five cents, or even less. A small brush of this sort is almost indispensable in cleaning celery, as the corrugated surface of the stalks makes a thorough cleaning with the hand or a knife almost impossible. Ice water, which adds to the crispness of the celery, may then be used, as there is no necessity for putting the hand into the water at all. Potatoes and all vegetables of this sort that are to be baked should be thoroughly brushed with one of these stiff brushes and water, until the skins are white, clean and smooth, before putting into the oven.—New York World.

THE SOUP KETTLE.

"I spent one summer in a country house," said an observing woman, "where I learned something about soups that I never knew before. The cook was a most accomplished person in her line, and some of her confections were worthy of note. Among other things she excelled in soups, and by accident I found out just what the secret of her success was. With a suitable piece of meat and some bones as a foundation, she set to work to build a dish that was relishable in the extreme. The family always had some sort of cereal for breakfast, and whatever was left of this went into the soup kettle. Cold potatoes that were not to be used for warming over, bits of lemon peel, asparagus stalks, leaves of lettuce—indeed every vegetable that came from the table went in that kettle. Anything in the line of left-overs that did not have a direct and immediate use made up the soup for dinner. After some hours of boiling, during which time everything dissolvable when into pulp, the grease was skimmed off, and the whole contents of the kettle were carefully strained through a fine sieve; then pearl barley, fresh vegetables, macaroni, and whatever seasonings were necessary, were added. I never knew how easy it was to have good soup, and how wasteful the usual process of flinging out little left-overs might be, until I studied the admirable methods of this accomplished queen of the kitchen.—New York Ledger.

RECIPES.

Indian-Meal Muffins—Two cups of Indian meal, two eggs, one-half a cup of butter. Pour boiling water over meal; add eggs, butter, salt. Drop in hot buttered pans and bake.

Parisian Baked Apples—Pare and core large apples without cutting them quite through. Fill the hollows with butter and sugar and bake in a slow oven. Serve with cream or sauce.

Walnut Salad—Chop lettuce and the whites of two hard-boiled eggs; not too fine; toss lightly together; sprinkle the top thickly with walnut meats and the yolks of the eggs, cut coarsely; pour over a salad dressing; serve cold.

Meat Croquettes—Use lamb chops and beefsteak left from breakfast and dinner, season with salt and pepper. Chop fine; mix with bread crumbs, moisten with milk. Form into cakes with a little flour. Dip in beaten egg then in fine cracker crumbs. Fry in butter.

Graham Pudding—One cupful of graham flour, half a cupful of flour, half a cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one cupful each of seeded rainins and currants; steam one hour and three-quarters; serve with cream or any pudding sauce.

The Dog Was Wearing Her Teeth.

Mrs. James Herring, living a few miles from Lancaster, Ky., is the possessor of a fine full set of artificial teeth, and in some way lost the lower plate. After a diligent search she came to the conclusion that they could not be found. Imagine her consternation this morning when she found the missing teeth in the mouth of her house dog. The dog had evidently found them, and thinking them a good thing, proceeded to appropriate them to his own use. He had got them fastened in his own mouth, and it was with much difficulty they were removed. He had lost several natural teeth, and it looked very much as though he wanted to replace them with artificial ones.—Courier-Journal.

Smoke Seen a Long Distance.

It is well known that a steamer's smoke can be seen on a clear day a long distance at sea, but how far has always been a matter of conjecture. Recent observations on the Pacific coast demonstrated that smoke from forest fires in Puget Sound was carried to San Francisco, more than a thousand miles distant.

"Honeymoon."

The Neue Blatt informs us that the term "honeymoon" was not suggested by the sweetness of that period of bliss, but originated through a custom of the Germans of old, which compelled the newly wedded to drink nothing but mead made of honey during the thirty days following the marriage.

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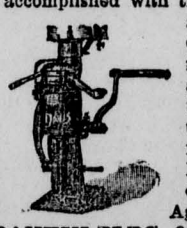

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GRAND ARMY MEN IN LINE

Great Parade at the Twenty-ninth National Encampment.

LOUISVILLE IN GALA DRESS.

Two Ex-Confederate Captains Led the Line of March---Fifty Thousand Veterans in Line---Kentuckians Give the Old Soldiers an Enthusiastic Welcome ---Features of the Celebration.

The chief event of the twenty-ninth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville, Ky., was the parade. Along miles of streets decorated with bunting and amid hundreds of thousands of cheering citizens the Union veterans marched in the first National assembly of the organization on Southern soil.

Under a proclamation of the Mayor, the streets where the divisions formed and the entire line of march were cleared, while the Louisville Legion, the Cadets, and Kentucky National Guard patrolled the streets. Mounted police cleared the way followed by a large detachment of police on foot. The parade was headed, some distance in front of the first grand division, by two ex-Confederates on horseback, Captain John H. Weller and Captain William H. Harrison, in citizens' dress, with red, white and blue sashes. Captain Weller carried a large National flag and Captain Harrison a white banner representing peace. In the place of the eagle on the top of the staff, the white banner had a dove and an olive branch.

In the escort to the Grand Army of the Republic were committees of citizens preceding carriages containing the Governor of Kentucky and his staff, and the Mayors of Louisville, New Albany and Jeffersonville. Columbia Post, of Chicago, acted as Grand Army escort to Commander-in-Chief General Thomas W. Lawler and staff. The veterans followed in ten grand divisions, distinguished by flags of special colors and containing departments from the various States, New York and Ohio being in the second. Among the features of the parade was Old Ned, the war-horse, now over forty years old, has heretofore walked, but is now so feeble that he rode on a float.

The thermometer stood at ninety-six degrees, but this fact did not affect the enthusiasm of the spectators. The multitudes on the platforms and along the streets kept cheering as the posts of the different departments passed the stands. The right of column passed the reviewing stand in front of the Court House at 11 a. m. When the right of the column reached Fifth and Jefferson streets a halt was made; the whole of the escort wheeled into line, facing south, and allowed the Commander-in-Chief and his staff and the invited guests in carriages to pass by and take the seats on the reviewing stand, when the whole column passed in review. On the corner of Third and Market streets, on the south of Market, and on Third street, the department commanders reviewed their own departments.

The New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois veterans got the major share of the hurrahs. The column moved slowly, and occupied over four hours in passing the reviewing stand. Estimates place the number of men in line at 50,000.

A number of the veterans became exhausted and had to retire from the ranks. Six were so prostrated by the heat that they were taken in ambulances to the hospital.

A VICTIM OF THE MASSACRE.

Career of Miss Hessie Newcombe, Killed by Chinese at Kucheng.

Miss Hessie Newcombe, who was one of the victims of the recent massacre at Kucheng, was a native of Dublin. She was a member of the Zenana Mission station at Kucheng, and had been engaged in missionary work in China since 1886. Her sister Maud, who was also at Kucheng at the time,

MISS HESSIE NEWCOMBE.

survived the massacre. Miss Hessie Newcombe was killed by a spear thrust, her body being afterward thrown over a precipice. She had a previous experience of violence at the hands of native fanatics about three years ago when laboring together with Miss Nesbitt at Ching-go. In this case she was driven out of the town, and the mission had to be abandoned.

AGED 112 YEARS.

Death of Mrs. Mary Ann Bush, the Oldest Woman in Michigan.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bush died the other night at the residence of her daughter in Novi, Mich., aged 112 years and two months. These figures are based upon authentic records in possession of the family. She was the oldest person in Michigan.

Mrs. Bush was of French-Canadian parentage and was born at Montreal June 23, 1783. After coming to the United States she married Francis Bush at Albany, N. Y., at the age of eighteen. Her late husband had become a Free Mason at New Amsterdam, N. Y., nearly a century ago, and her burial was consequently conducted by that organization. The interment was at Novi.

She was the oldest Mason's widow in the world. Five generations were present at the old woman's bedside when she died.

EXPLOSION IN A CAISSON.

Four Lives Lost in a Battery Preparing to Salute G. A. R. Men in Louisville.

Four members of the Louisville Legion were instantly killed by the explosion of ammunition in the caisson of a gun which was being driven to Phœnix Hill, Louisville, Ky., for service in connection with the G. A. R. parade. The victims were Corporal A. L. Robinson, Private C. Woods, Private A. McBride and William Adams (colored), driver. The soldiers killed were members of Battery A and belonged to a section of six in charge of one gun. Captain David Castleman was in command. The four unfortunates were seated on the caisson.

Sergeant Fred Conn and Private E. M. Hobbs were injured, though not seriously. Captain Castleman was riding at the side of the detail. He escaped injury.

The caisson contained about sixty pounds of powder. The accident happened about 5.50 a. m. The battery section was proceeding to Phœnix Hill to fire forty salutes in honor of the G. A. R., and had reached a point between the Avery and Hall houses on Broadway, between Third and Fourth streets, when the accident occurred.

Governor John Young Brown, who was staying with Major George B. Easton, was asleep in bed at the time. The explosion stunned him, and it was some time before he revived. Mrs. Easton was knocked off her feet by the explosion and badly stunned.

A colored man, who was passing opposite the cannon at the time, was hurled through the air by the explosion to the top of a house, where he struck with full force against the stone. His leg was broken by the fall. The explosion created consternation among the occupants of the fashionable residences in the vicinity. Windows were shattered and people stunned and thrown off their feet.

Miss Flora Foree was at a window near by when the explosion occurred. She said. "I saw the men coming down the street with the cannon drawn by two horses. They were all seated on it laughing and talking. One of the men who was seated on the caisson was smoking a cigar. I heard one of the men say to him, 'Look out for the sparks from that cigar.' He was just about to knock off the ashes. A moment later the explosion came. I was knocked down."

A BLIND YACHT DESIGNER.

Although Sightless, John B. Herreshoff Works Upon the Models of Vessels.

Mr. John B. Herreschoff, senior member of the firm of Herreschoff Brothers, of Bristol, R. I., designers of the Defender, was born with the full use of both eyes. From the time he was old enough to know the use of a jackknife he began whittling out boats. In his fifteenth year he built a good-sized craft for sailing on the bay. Then he lost his sight. A film gradually came over his eyes, and finally shut off forever the last dim glimpse of Bristol and her boats. But he went on building just the same—not, of course, as if nothing had happened, for his methods of perception had to be radically changed. Instead of studying the grace and strength of lines by the eye, the matter became to Herreshoff at once a more abstract study—a mental calculation. He had the task before him of carrying in his mind the models he worked upon. The objects he had seen in the first fifteen years of his life he could summon up into his mind again. His sense of touch also developed to a wonderful sensitiveness. All the models of vessels to be built in the manufactory are submitted to him. His brother Nat invariably has a tiny model made on the lines to be pursued in the construction of a new craft, and this model is given to the elder brother. If the work is of great importance—like the building of a cup defender—the elder Herreshoff sometimes sits for days rubbing his hands lightly over the model, thus getting a perfect picture of the lines of the boat in his mind. Many changes suggest themselves to him, and he works them out with mathematical precision. In short, he seems to have converted his misfortune into a positive advantage.

FASTEST IN THE WORLD.

Remarkable Time Made on the New York Central Railroad.

A special train, running from New York City to Buffalo to break all previous records by rail, was observed by thousands of persons along the line of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. At nearly every station of the railroad there was a crowd of people waiting to see the flyer go past. The best locomotives of the railroad were being used in the race against time, and it attracted unusual interest.

The train beat previous records for sustained speed on railways, both in this country and in Europe, making the run of 436½ miles between New York and East Buffalo in less than seven hours. This achievement puts into the shade the recent performances on the English and Scotch railways, and keeps the championship for speed on land in the United States. The train on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad made an average speed of sixty-four and one-third miles an hour, after deducting the time in stops at stations, while the English record is sixty-three and one-fourth miles an hour.

The train was composed of four heavy cars, a combination smoking and baggage car weighing 83,470 pounds, two coaches, which weighed respectively 82,140 pounds and 83,700 pounds, and a private car, the Maraquita, weighing 109,000 pounds.

A SPEAKER SQUELCHED.

Eulogy of Anarchists Not Permitted by Methodist Preachers of Chicago.

Keir Hardie, the English labor leader, now in this country, disturbed the sedateness of the weekly meeting of Methodist clergymen at Chicago by a fiery Socialistic speech, and was greeted with such a storm of ministerial disapproval that he was compelled to abandon the floor. Hardie had been invited to address the preachers, and with several local Socialists attended the meeting. The Englishman proceeded to air his views, loudly applauded by his friends, and finally bitterly denounced the execution of the Chicago anarchists and eulogized them as pioneers in the new religion. The storm which greeted the statement almost carried Hardie off his feet. Half a dozen preachers at a time bitterly denounced the sentiments expressed, and the speaker was compelled to sit down. The ministers then denounced in scathing terms speech and speaker, and Hardie left much offended.

Prominent People.

William K. Vanderbilt spends $160,000 a year on yachting.

Collectors pay $1.50 for President Cleveland's autograph.

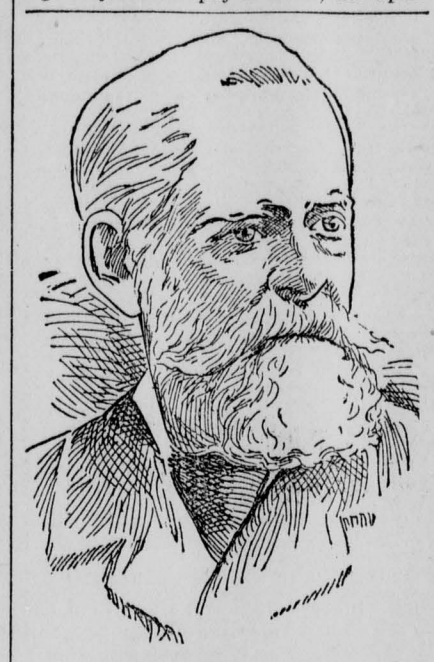
Czar Nicholas, of Russia, is a confirmed victim of the cigarette habit.

The Sultan's mother, who rules the harem, is alone allowed to go about unveiled.

THE MORA CLAIM PAID.

Spain Settles After Twenty Years of Controversy.

After more than twenty years of controversy, which several times threatened to bring about strained relations between Spain and the United States, a draft for the amount of the indemnity demanded by this Government for the confiscation of the Cuban estates of Antonio Maxima Mora, a naturalized American citizen, was delivered at Washington by Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish Minister, to Mr. Adee, the Acting Secretary of State. Senor de Lome appeared at the State Department a few minutes after noon and was immediately shown into the office of Mr. Adee. He handed the latter a draft, signed by himself, on the London Financial Agent of the Spanish Government, for the equivalent of $1,449,000, or 1,500,000 Spanish pesos, and Mr. Adee delivered in return a formal receipt for the amount, signed by himself as Acting Secretary of State. This constituted the whole transaction, and Senor de Lome and Mr. Adee uttered some polite commonplace remarks, shook hands and parted, as though they had been attending to a minor matter of business instead of making history.



SENOR ANTONIO M. MORA.

The memoranda of agreement which provided for the payment of the money, the time, place, and method of payment, was signed in Boston on August 10 last by Secretary Olney, representing the United States, and by Minister Dupuy de Lome, on the part of Spain. At this time Mr. de Lome informed Secretary Olney that the full amount in Spanish gold was then in the colonial vaults at Havana awaiting a final disposal of the case. It was thought by the Spanish Government that the United States might prefer to receive money there, inasmuch as Mr. Mora was a Cuban citizen. Secretary Olney said that it would be more gratifying to this country to receive payment in the form of a draft on London or Paris, to which Minister de Lome replied that such a course would be entirely satisfactory to his Government, in view of the fact that Spain has financial agents at all the principal European capitals.

LOST AT SEA.

The Steamer Catterthun Sunk Near Port Stephen's Lighthouse.

The two thousand ton China steamer Catterthun, bound from Sydney, New South Wales, to China, with eighty-one human beings on board, is lying, many fathoms deep, off Seal Rock, near Port Stephen's lighthouse. Only twenty-six lives were saved. The terrible details of the catastrophe fill many pages of the Australian papers. Fourteen Australians and forty-one Chinese were drowned.

The accident was due to currents drifting the steamer on the rocks in the fury and darkness of the storm. At the Coroner's inquest it was emphatically proved that the steamer was being steered all right, and that the only way to account for the vessel striking was that some mysterious current carried her upon the rocks. Following is an account of the disaster by a survivor, Dr. Copeman, which most accurately and briefly details the circumstances of the disaster:

"At two o'clock on the morning after the steamer had sailed a violent storm arose and the sea swept over the vessel, and at half-past two I was shot out of the bunk by a terrible shock, which was followed by a second one. I rushed on deck and found the steamer listed and rapidly settling. An officer told me we had struck a rock. There was no screaming. The skipper was as cool as possible and told the passengers not to get excited. In the meantime the steamer was being washed away in pieces.

"Captain Shannon gave orders to lower the boats, and immediately afterward he was washed overboard and drowned. As the boats were lowered they were dashed to pieces or swept away. At last only the starboard boat was left. There were thirteen people in it. It was torn from the davits and washed away. I sprang into the sea, and was picked up by a Chinaman. We rescued twelve more, the Chinaman working heroically.

The last one we pulled in was a European. He dropped limp in the stern. I asked, "Who are you?" He said, "It's Fawke's, old chap. We tossed about, standing to all night, with seas washing over us, and were picked up by a fishing boat in the morning."

IN THE PULPIT 78 YEARS.

Death of Rev. Dr. Wakefield, the Veteran Methodist Minister.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Wakefield, the veteran Methodist minister, died a few days ago at West Newton, Penn.

Dr. Wakefield was said to be the oldest Mason and the oldest pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and probably the oldest of any denomination in the world, having been ordained in 1817. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for almost seventy-five years. All of his children are living. His career as a Methodist minister is part of the history of Western Pennsylvania. He preached occasionally in latter years and had had fairly good health until recently, but he was much broken by the death of his wife some months ago. His grandmother, Mary Wade, was a preacher, having been ordained in the ministry by John Calvert.

Dr. Wakefield published several books on theology and music when he was comparatively young, which made him widely known. His principal theological work, "Wakefield's Theology," has become a classic in the lifetime of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Ring Found at Bull Run.

Although more than thirty years have elapsed since the first and second battles of Manassas, interesting articles are still found by the relic seeker. Only a few days ago visitors found shells containing powder, pieces of canteens and whole bayonets. A young man, Laws Spencer, living on the old Logan farm (Catharpin Post-office), picked up a ring in the famous Deep Cut. The ring is of good gold, with a bloodstone scroll intaglio. The motto on it is, "Sic itur ad astra." Around the scroll is "V. M. I.," and at the base a pen and sword crossed. Inside is engraved "One of the 29—O. C. Henderson, July 4, 1859." General Scott Ship, Superintendent of Virginia Military Institute, says: "O. C. Henderson was a classmate of mine, and was wounded in the hand at second Manassas." He sends also the register of V. M. I., and it shows that O. C. Hendersod was Captain of a Virginia battery.

The Deep Cut witnessed bloody contests. An officer who was in the engagement writes about the fight on August 30, 1862: "Before the railroad cut the fight was most obstinate. I saw a Federal flag hold its position for a half hour within ten yards of a flag of one of the Confederate regiments, and after the fight 100 dead men were lying twenty yards from the cut, and some of them within two feet of it. Some of the men fought with stones, picked up out of the cut, long after their ammunition gave out. Line after line surged up the hill time after time, led by their officers, but were repeatedly dashed back on one another until the whole field was covered with a confused mass of struggling, running, routed Federals."—Washington Star.

The State of Arkansas is valued at $86,409,364.

Dyspepsia, Insomnia.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Isaac Hamburger is a well-known cigar manufacturer and tobacco dealer at 1425 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. He is a hale, robust man now, but a few months ago he thought he was about to become a living skeleton if not a dead man. He now weighs about 200 pounds and steps about his factory as actively as do his "stripper" boys. His present condition is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he considers the best medicine in the world for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, indigestion and insomnia. When a *Herald* reporter recently called on Mr. Hamburger he came jauntily in the store from his factory and in speaking of the pills, said: "Yes, I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and can cheerfully recommend them. Some months since," he continued, "owing to confinement to business, I had an attack of dyspepsia accompanied by terrible and almost incessant heart burn and torpid liver. I tried doctors and many remedies that friends advised me to take, but found no relief until I heard of and used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I secured five boxes and began to improve perceptibly after taking a few doses, and when the five boxes were gone I was completely cured. If you had seen me when I was sick and compared my condition then with what it is now you would join me in a song of praise of the marvelous merits of Pink Pills. I am a living monument to their efficacy in curing the maladies from which I suffered. I weigh now nearly 200 pounds, sleep well, eat heartily and digest my food without any inconvenience and sleep as well as I did when a boy after a romp before bed time. I unhesitatingly and with confidence in their curative and invigorating qualities recommend the Pink Pills to all sufferers and should I be so unfortunate as to be sick again I shall get another supply."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

There were 17,864,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Lucky Baby.

A freight train of ten cars was sidetracked at Woodstock, Va., the other day to allow a passenger to pass. As the train came to a standstill the conductor caught sight of something moving on the track just behind the last car, and was surprised to see an eighteen-months-old child come crawling out from under the car. It proved to be the baby of a farmer, who lived close by. It was evidently on the track when the train came along, and the entire train had passed over it without doing it any injury. It had fallen down between the ties.—New Orleans Picayune.

Apples on a Maple Tree.

A clever chap at Russellville stirred up more excitement in that town the other day than has been known since the Orphan Brigade met there two years ago. This youngster arranged a lot of green apples on the twigs of a maple tree. A number of persons were caught before the joke was found out, and one of the victims had sent for Judge Finley to come and explain the freak.—Glasgow (N. Y.) Gazette.

WOMEN'S FACES—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Rockland Collegiate Institute,
NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON.
The **Cheapest** and one of the **Best HIGH-GRADE SCHOOLS** for boys and young men near New York. Full courses English, Academic, Scientific, Commercial, College Preparatory. Certificate admits to **BEST COLLEGES.** No recommended student has ever been refused. Complete **EQUESTRIAN DEPARTMENT** o Horses and Ponies. Send for illustrated catalogue.
CAPT. JOEL WILSON, A. M., Principal

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. **BOOK** of testimonials of miraculous cures sent **FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE** by mail
DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other fevers (aided by **RADWAY'S PILLS**) so quickly as **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.**

STOPS PAIN

Sold by all Druggists. 50 cents a Bottle.
RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

NYNU—38

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

GUNS Great sale Parker, Baker and other Breech Loaders. Price way down. Single barrel, $4.00; double, $6.50; muzzle loaders, $2.00; rifles, $1.75; air rifles, $1.00; repeating, $1.50; revolvers, 85c.; bicycles, half price; kodaks; boxing gloves, delivered, $1.75, set of four. Send stamps for 48-page pictorial catalogue. H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., 514 B'way, N.Y.

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sense Dictates the Use of

SAPOLIO

The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE, - - Editor & Proprietor.

THE ITEM" WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE FOLOWING RATES IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR,.....$1.00
SIX MONTHS,.....50
THREE MONTHS,.....25

Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa. as second-class matter.

Democrrtic County Convention.

The Democratic county convention was held in the Opera House, Huntingdon, Tuesday afternoon of last week.

Convention was called to order by County Chairman, David Wilson, and an organization effected by the election of W. M. Henderson, Esq., as chairman, and W. J. Forbes, Esq., W. B. Miller and Jere McCartney, secretaries.

John M. Bailey, Esq., was nominated for President Judge by acclamation and accorded the privilege of choosing his own conferees.

For Associate Judge, Hon. W. B. Watson and William A. Price, of North Dublin, were named. A vote resulted in Watson receiving 44 votes and Price 72. Mr. Price was declared the nominee.

For Sheriff, Ex-Sheriff David Wilson, of Alexandria, was nominated by acclamation.

David F. Smouse, of Hopewell, and J. Murray Africa, of Huntingdon, were nominated for Director of the poor and County Surveyor respectfully by acclamation.

The resolution committee made its report endorsing President Cleveland, condemning Republicanism, extolling the Wilson bill, denouncing Gov. Hastings, and declaring opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

W. M. Henderson, of Huntingdon, was elected County Chairman to serve for one year from the first Monday in April, 1896.

Two Great Locmotives.

Engineers and mechanics in Cleveland and Indianapolis are talking about the wonderful performances of the two big eight-wheel passenger locomotives recently placed on the Big Four. The engines were designed by William Garstang, superintendent of motive power on the Big Four system, and were built especially to haul the fast Knickerbocker special. No. 201 made a phenomenal trip on the run from Cleveland to Galion, a distance of eighty miles, on an up grade averaging seven and one-half feet to the mile—in many places being much more than that—in two hours and two minutes. The train consisted of thirteen cars, five of which were sleepers. The total weight of train and engine was 11,286,000 pounds. There were 425 passengers on board. The engine in starting the train from all stations where scheduled to stop did so without taking the slacks and without slipping, a feat almost without parallel in locomotive engineering. The same locomotive hauled fourteen cars from Galion to Cleveland in one hour and fifty-seven minutes. The engine weighs 126,000 pounds, 83,000 pounds resting on the driving wheels, which are six feet in diameter.

A Car Load of Tickets.

The contract for printing the admission tickets to the Cotton States and International Exposition has been let to the Globe Ticket company, Philadelphia. There will be a different ticket for each day, and thirty thousand of each ticket will be printed. It will be so arranged that on special days, when it is probable that over one hundred thousand admissions will be sold, a different series can be put on, thus using up three or four series in one day. The tickets will be printed at once, and will make an even car load in all—one of the biggest single shipments of tickets ever printed in America.

SMITH VALLEY.

This vicinity was visited by a heavy frost during the past week.

Mrs. Lydia Miller was a visitor at the residence of A. R. Foster on Sunday.

M. B. Wright spent Saturday and Sunday with S. P. Pheasant.

Dogs killed five sheep belonging to W. H. Alexander recently.

Don't forget the picnic to be held at Reuben Chilcote's grove on Satutday next, the 21st inst. Everybody cordially invited.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Criminal Cases Occupy the Attention of the Court Day and Night.

The regular September term of court opened on Monday morning of last week at 10 o'clock, Judges Williamson and Watson on the bench.

MOTIONS AND PETITIONS.

Real estate of John Corbin, late of Juniata township, ordered to be sold for payment of debts.

H. C. Madden, guardian of Esther Martin, authorized to expend $350 out of the ward's estate for educational purposes.

Real estate of Edward Lightner, late of the borough of Petersburg, deceased, ordered to be sold for payment of debts.

Report of R. A. Orbison, esq., auditor to distribute balance in hands of A. M. Gettis and Wm. Gettis, adm'rs of Patrick Gettis, late of Barree twp., deceased, confirmed nisi.

Report of S. I. Spyker, auditor to distribute funds in hands of Jos. Barr, committee of Thos. Barr, a lunatic, confirmed nisi.

F. M. Bollinger and Leonard Stell appointed appraisers of the assigned estate of Melinda and G. W. English.

Martha M. Norman vs John C. Norman, subpœna in divorce.

Sale of the assigned real estate of S. B. Grove, confirmed nisi.

Sale of assigned real estate of Henry W. Swoope, of Warriorsmark twp., confirmed nisi.

W. C. Baker vs. Myrtle Baker, subpœna in divorce awarded.

Harry Brown granted his final discharge as an insolvent debtor.

Hannah Z. Himes vs. Charles Himes, subpœna in divorce awarded.

Specific performance decreed of a contract made by Geo. W. Port, dec'd., with W. G. Smith, for the sale to him of the s. w. one-fourth of lot No. 220, in Huntingdon, Pa.

Benjamin Heffner and John Heffner, executors of Benjamin Heffner, dec'd., cited to file an account.

Sale of the real estate of Danl. Beck, late of Shirley twp., dec'd., confirmed nisi.

Sale of the real estate of Wm. I. Steel, dec'd., late of the borough of Huntingdon, for payment of debts, confirmed nisi.

Sale of real estate of Saml. C. Kough, late of Clay twp., dec'd., ordered for payment of debts.

Inquest of partition awarded upon the real estate of Dyson F. Duffy, dec'd., confirmed nisi.

Inquest of partition of the estate of Hayes Haga, late of the borough of Huntingdon, dec'd., confirmed nisi.

The first criminal case tried was that of the commonwealth vs. Burton E. Wood, charged with embezzlement by the Singer Sewing Machine company through their general agent, H. B. Sperry, of Altoona. It was alleged that Wood had failed to account for a number of machines which he had sold, and upon which partial payments had been made. According to the printed and written form of agreement between the company and all its agents, machines are to be sold for cash only, but it transpired that Wood had made all kinds of deals in effecting sales. This, it was alleged in behalf of the defendant, was done at the instigation of Mr. Sperry, the general agent, notwithstanding it was in violation of the company's rule; and further that small amounts not accounted for were expended in horse feed and other things necessary to sustain the company's stock. The court refused to admit the defendant's testimony in explanation of his reason for going beyond the written contract as evidence, and the defense then made a motion to quash the indictment by reason of certain technical defects. This resulted in the dismissal of the case and the discharge of the defendant.

George Parchey was indicted for shooting at his son-in-law, Charles Everhart, with intent to kill. The trouble was the result of a family quarrel. Parchey was found not guilty on the grounds of temporary insanity.

Clayton Louck, William Gearinger, George Shawley and Peter Moore, were indicted for stealing a steer from G. C. Pheasant, in Diamond Valley, last July. On the witness stand Moore confessed to his implication in the affair, stating that all enjoyed a share of the meat upon a subsequent equal division. Shawley was found guilty in manner and form as indicted.

Thomas Coulter, Emory Fagan, alias Smiley, Shirley Myers, Robt. Wells and Harry Westbrook were indicted for aggravated assault and battery upon E. R. Stratford at a ball game at Huntingdon on the 7th of August last between the Huntingdon and Mapleton clubs, an account of which was given in the ITEM at the time. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty against each defendant.

Greenberry Wilson, charged by George W. Wilson with aggravated assault and battery with intent to kill, was found not guilty but directed to pay one-third of the costs, while the two-thirds were placed upon the prosecutor.

Arthur Pelin, of Brady township, was convicted of assault and battery upon his wife, Laura Pelin, on the 31st of August last.

Wm. Gearinger and Clayton Louck were tried jointly for participation in the killing of a steer belonging to G. C. Pheasant in Diamond valley, upon which charge Peter Moore plead guilty and Geo. Shawley was convicted by another jury on Wednesday. A verdict of not guilty was rendered.

Frank S. Stern was indicted by the Thomas Grimison Co. for false pretence in obtaining credit by stating that he was the agent of his wife. As Mr. Grimison could not state positively whether or not he had sold him the goods just before or immediately after the representations were made, the case had to be taken from the jury as to everything but the question of costs, which the jury imposed upon Mr. Stern.

Jones Murray was convicted of assault and battery on George Richardson, a colored boy of Huntingdon.

Charles Muncy, a colored boy, was convicted of the larceny of a watch, revolver and pocket book containing a small sum of money from the person of John Cornelius while lying in a drunken stupor along the river near Huntingdon.

Samuel H. Anderson, of Springfield township, was indicted for perjury on the complaint of Amon Long, in that he swore before Justice J. M. Cutshall on the 8th of April, 1895, in an action brought against Long by Anderson to recover possession of a farm from Long under the Landlord and Tenant law, that Long was his tenant and had leased the farm from him for the year 1894. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and divided the costs between the prosecutor and defendant.

MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE.

That was the Verdict in the Case of the Commonwealth Against W. W. McCracken.

The case of the Commonwealth versus Wesley W. McCracken, one of the three McCracken brothers charged with the murder of George M. Hawn, at Donation, this county, on the 13th of May last, was called on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. John M. Bailey and District Attorney Waite were attorneys for the commonwealth and J. A. Scouten, of Sullivan county, W. M. Henderson and H. B. Dunn for the defendant. The calling of a jury to try the case consumed about two and one-half hours. The following jury was empaneled:

John Brewster, book binder, Huntingdon.
Joseph Griffith, teamster, Jackson.
J. R. Lynn, farmer, Springfield.
Wm. Alloway, farmer, Clay.
Morris Davis, miner, Marklesburg.
Geo. W. Lukens, merchant, Mt. Union.
John Ale, laborer, Warriorsmark.
Joseph McKelvey, farmer, Cromwell.
Silas Gutshall, farmer, Springfield.
Madison Swoope, farmer, Union.
William Krepps, engineer, Jackson.

The trial of this homicide was the most important on the September calendar, and occupied the attention of the court almost three days and two nights. It grew out of the sensational killing of George Hawn, aged about 23 years, in Oneida township, about 12 o'clock on the night of the 13th of May last. Wesley, Joseph and Elmer McCracken, brothers, charged with the responsibility of the young man's death, gave themselves up to the authorities, and the trial of Wesley separately was granted by the court in deference to a motion of counsel for the accused, who believed that in his case an alibi could be proved as it was alleged he was not present when the killing occurred. During the progress of the trial the commonwealth contended that no matter whether he was physicially present when the shooting occurred or not, if he aided, advised or abetted the shooting he was equally as guilty as the person or persons who actually fired the shots.

After deliberating about eight hours, the jury yesterday rendered a verdict finding the accused guilty of murder in the second degree.

Counsel for the accused made a motion for a new trial and arrest of judgment.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb, as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. Kings New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail." Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com. Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottes are free at B. O'Connor & Sons'

—Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Frederickstown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by J. G. Gillam.

—Mrs. Rhodia Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs, Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by J. G. Gillam.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and will prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c. and $1.00 at O'Connor & Sons'.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Itching Piles, Burns, Frost Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes and Granulated Eye Lids. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale in Cass township, Huntingdon county, Pa., on Saturday, Sept. 28, 1895, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m., the following personal property: One cook stove, three ten-plate stoves, settee, chairs, book case and desk, tables, stands, bedsteads, cider barrels, woodsaw, grindstone, 30-foot extension ladder, corner cupboard, wheelbarrow, shovel plow, lot of baskets, post iron, shot gun, cider vinegar, shingles, six volumes Henry's commentary; iron kettle, 40-gallon copper kettle, brass kettle, hand and horse power cider mill. Also at the same time and place I will offer my fruit farm. Terms made known on day of sale. J. E. Glasgow.

FOR SALE.—A well finished dwelling house with over one acre of ground. Hard and soft water under roof. This property is in a splendid locality, in close proximity to churches and school house. A bargain to anyone wanting a house with modern conveniences. For further particulars call on or address R. C. Yocum, Mapleton Depot, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Undertakers' outfit, good hearse, horse, buggy, wagon, sleighs, coffins, etc. Also, good house, with running water at door. Terms easy. K. W. CLARKSON, Cassville, Pa. 8-14-95.

FOR RENT.—A cabinet maker and undertaker shop or store room, with 4-room dwelling attached. Good location. Inquire of Marshall Yocum, Mpleton Depot, Pa.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.—I have 32,000 first class white pine shingles for sale. Also 1,000 shaved lap shingles. Address, AMON L. GREENLAND, Cassville, Pa. 6-12.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

(Estate of Caleb G. Wright, dec'd.)

Letters of administration on the estate of Caleb G. Wright, late of Cass township, Huntingdon county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and to those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement. MRS. CATHARINE WRIGHT, 8-28-95-f. Administratrix.

FIRE INSURANCE.

I can give you Reliable Insurance at nett rates. Don't run the risk of losing your property without protection.

INSURE YOUR { House, Furniture, Stable.

Special Rates on Farm Property.

L. M. SPEER, Agt.

CLEARANCE SALE.

All Untrimmed Hats for less than cost from now until October 1st, ranging in price from 10 cents to 50 cents.

Now is the Time to Buy.

KATE COWHER,
MAPLETON DEPOT, PA.

COLUMBUS DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

BEST SET OF TEETH, $8.

DR. C. H. BOYER, Manager,

4-10-95. Fifth St., HUNTINGDON, PA.

JOHN C. GARRETT,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

MAPLETON DEPOT, PENN'A.

All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Special attention will be given to collections. 8-18-95.

Subscribe

—FOR—

"The Item."

Your Oppportunity

Is Our Loss.

Russet Shoes { Boys' Sizes, $1,15 / Men's " $2.50

Oxford Ties, All Kinds, $1.00.

Must be closed out and these prices will do it. If you want a pair of good shoes in above line cheap, call on

Geo. W. Yocum

Hazlett Block, 402 Penn St.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. L. Houck

Hats.

Arguments are needless, as all good judges agree that we have the finest line of men's, boys' and children's straw hats found in any country store in the county, viz: Mackinaws, Cantons, Palms, Panamas and Sailors. (The low prices are selling them.

Underwear.

We propose this season to make this department complete and you will find just what you want at the right prices. Our Notion, Grocery and Dry Goods department is complete in line of staples.

Hardware.

We also have a line of shovels, forks, hoes, rakes, paints, oils, etc. and will add a line of tinware.

Fish.

Our white fish and ciscoes are acknowledged to be the finest brand to this market.

Wall paper at lowest prices and all borders given free with paper.

J. L. Houck,

CASSVILLE, . . . PA.

C. B. Crum.

The King Of Low Prices.

'Tis good value people want and they who supply it never lack customers. That's our business idea. These suggestions speak loud:

Men's Suits, $2.25 to $6.50 are bargains.
Boys' Suits, 12 to 18 years, $2.50 to $4.00.
Boys' Wool Suits, 65c. to $2.00.
Boys' Wash Suits, 65 cents.
Men's Wool Pants, $1.35 to $2.50, regularly worth $2.50 to $4.
Ladies' Duck Blazer Suits, $1.25, Wrappers 65c. to $1.25.

In Millinery

We can save you 25 to 50 per cent. Ladies' Hats, 10c. up. We have some special bargains in

HATS; DRY GOODS
BOOTS AND SHOES
CARPETS
NOTIONS GROCERIES

Don't be foolish enough to pay $40 or $50 for a sewing machine when you can get THE BEST for $15.98 to $17.98. All we ask is a trial. We are sure of your trade.

SALTILLO, PA.

CHAS. INGWERS,

The Pittsburg Merchant Tailor, has his

Seasonable STYLES

Ready for his customers, who are requested to come and inspect them.

White and Blue Front.

Division St., Moun Union, Penn'a.

The Mapleton Item.

Mapleton Depot, Pa., Sept. 18, 1895

LOCAL NOTES.

—New goods opened at Miss Kate Cowher's this week.

—Black straw hats at Miss Kate Cowher's this week.

—Hard coal at Mapleton, three sizes, Stove, Nut, and Pea. H. H. SWOPE.

—Rev. Joseph Gray will preach in the M. E. church next Sunday morning.

—E. R. Stratford and wife, of Mount Union, were Sunday visitors to Mapleton.

—For sale.—Violin good as new. Will sell cheap. F. H. Logan, Mapleton Depot, Pa.

—Miss Dora Wogan, of Orbisonia, is visiting at the home of John Stubbs on Railroad street.

—Mrs. Ella Purcell, of Buckhorn, is spending a few days with the family of Rev. Joseph Gray.

—Agent J. G. Hicks is spending a ten-days' vacation in Philadelphia, New York and New Jersey.

—James G. Spangler has been seriously ill for several days at the home of his parents in this place.

—Miss Alice Shoup, of Shade valley, was the guest of Calvin Stubbs' family a few days of the past week.

—The fastest train on record was run from New York to Buffalo at an average speed of 64⅓ miles an hour.

—Mrs. Rose A. Nipple and two daughters, of Walnut, Juniata county, spent Sunday with friends in Mapleton.

—Mr. J. O. Heaton, the merchant at Cassville, sells and recommends Chamberlains Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

—Mrs. Isaac Linthurst and daughter, of Altoona, spent a few days with friends and former neighbors in Mapleton.

—Miss Belle Ward, of Stormstown, Centre county, was the guest of Miss Kate Cowher during the past week.

—C. B. Stevens, merchant tailor, of McConnellsburg, made his regular semi-annual visit to Mapleton last Tuesday.

—Nelson D. Boring is the proudest man in town. The arrival of a young daughter at his house is the cause for it all.

—Mrs. Annie Fickes, of East End, Pittsburg, spent a portion of last week with her sister, Mrs. Oliver Chilcote, in Mapleton.

—Misses Kate and Anginette Reilly, of Franklinville, were the guests of Samuel Spangler's family during the past week.

—Miss Alwilda Gillam, of Tyrone, is spending a few days among relatives in Mapleton, and is the guest of W. F. Gillam's family.

—William A. Couch, a veteran of the late war and a well known citizen of Huntingdon, died at his home in that place recently.

—A fire in Coalport, Clearfield county, last Saturday, destroyed property to the amount of about $13,000, on which there was but little insurance.

—Arthur Bauman, of Pittsburg, is enjoying a brief vacation among the scenes of his boyhood days and is warmly greeted by his old-time friends.

—From the *Altoona Tribune* of last Thursday we note that John K. Robley received treatment at the hospital for contused wound of index finger of right hand.

—Most of the corn in this section has been cut. On account of dry weather it ripened rapidly but did not ear well and the crop is not as large as was expected.

—The pamphlet laws of 1895 have been delivered at the State Department by State Printer Busch and will soon be distributed to the proper authorities in each county.

—W. J. Nupper, wife and child, of Northfield, Minnesota, arrived in Mapleton last Friday and expect to spend the greater part of the winter with Pennsylvania friends.

—W. A. McCarl, of Altoona, is visiting relatives and friends in Mapleton. Mr. McCarl has been on the sick list for a few weeks past, suffering from an attack of malaria.

—Joseph Louder, a former resident of this place and employee of the Speer White Sand company, died at his residence in Huntingdon on Tuesday of last week, from heart trouble. He was aged about 67 years, and leaves a wife and family. The remains were interred at that place on Thursday.

—Willie, a little son of John W. Hooper, fell from a chestnut tree, a distance of about nine feet, last Sunday morning, but fortunately received no injuries of a serious character.

—J. Melvin Miller had the index finger of the right hand badly lacerated by a stone falling on it last Friday morning while loading stone at Swope & Gayton's quarry.

—The remains of a woman were found at Johnstown a few days ago by workmen engaged in excavating a cellar. She was undoubtedly a victim of the flood of May 31, 1889.

—A. M. Smith, of Latta Grove, Huntingdon county, came to this city Friday evening and will make Altoona his home. He will teach the Pleasant Hill school, Logan township.—Altoona *Mirror*.

—"We're a goanto higher a mail teacher" was the reply received by a young lady who wrote to a school director in an ajoining county to ask him about securing a certain school to teach.

—A few Mapleton people attended the Odd Fellows reunion and picnic at Woodvale last Saturday and pronounce it a pleasant gathering, notwithstanding the chilling condition of the atmosphere.

—The Mapleton Sand company's works have been running about half time for the last week on account of the railroad company being unable to furnish a sufficient number of cars for their weekly shipments.

—Newton Carothers and wife, of Mill Creek, spent last Saturday with D. B. Miller's family. Mr. Carothers is foreman on the Belleville railroad and is a first class railroader. While in town he paid the ITEM office a brief call.

—Some malicious marauder entered the house of Dr. Spangler on Sunday night and ransacked several sooms but secured nothing except $2.50 in money. This money belonged to the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church, of which Mrs. Spangler is treasurer.

—Dr. W. T. Sheaffer, of Mt. Union, was rendered unconscious by a sun stroke on Thursday last and is still in a precarious condition. He was formerly engaged in the practice of dentistry but for the past few years has been farming.

—Pickpockets operated successfully in Lewistown during the recent centennial celebration. Lee Focht, of Allensville, was relieved of $50 and a mileage book; Mrs. H. H. Gibboney, of Reedsville, of $5 and S. H. Showers, of $85 and a gold watch.

—James Smith and Hugh Armstrong, aged inmates of the Lancaster county almshouse, quarreled on Monday evening and Armstrong stabbed Smith six times, inflicting wounds which are expected to prove fatal. Armstrong, who is 72 years of age, was arrested.

—President S. M. Janney, of the Huntingdon and Broad Top, has returned from his annual fall inspection of the road, and expresses himself as highly pleased with its condition and the state of business. The company's business in July was very heavy, having exceeded any previous month of this year.

—Mrs. Eliza Culberson, of Waterloo, Juniata county, attended the P. O. S. of A. picnic at Newton Hamilton on September 7th, and it certainly was a red letter day in that lady's history, as it was the first time in her almost fifty years of life that she experienced the pleasure of a ride on a railroad train.

—Mrs. Effie Yeager, wife of Benjamin Yeager, of 207 Lloyd street, Altoona, was killed by lightning Tuesday afternoon, September 10th about 3.30 o'clock at the home of William Streightiff, 54 Third Avenue. The fatality occurred during the storm which was exceptionally heavy in the eastern part of the city.

—Hon. John A. Lemon, ex-auditor general of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, five times elected to the state senate from the Blair-Cambria district, and an acknowledged leader in the state councils of the Republican party, died at his home in Hollidaysburg on Monday afternoon, of typhoid pneumonia. He was aged about 68 years.

—Mr. Smith, one of the managers of Washburn's circus, which exhibited at Huntingdon last Tuesday, was hit with a stone and painfully injured while coming through the Fourth street bridge at that place on the night mentioned. Several fights had occurred earlier in the evening, and it is supposed some one who had been lying in wait mistook Mr. Smith for another person with the above result. He was under the care of a physician for several hours.

—A soap agent visited the western end of Clearfield county last week selling a dozen peices of soap for $1 and giving a premium of fifty-eight pieces of chinaware. The agent has gone and so has the dollar from every one who wanted a set of dishes cheap. The dishes were represented as being in Chicago and it is altogether possible they will never leave there.

—The fifty-seventh annual session of the Allegheny conference of the United Brethren church opened in the United Brethren church at Wilkinsburg, Pa., this morning and will continue in session during the rest of the week. The ministers and delegates will number about 150. Bishop J. S. Mills, of San Francisco, will preside. The conference includes a membership of about 12,000.

—A Polander named W. U. Rimoskey, a quarryman, was killed by Seashore express at No. 7 bridge, near Union Furnace, last Friday morning. The unfortunate man was walking on the bridge and in getting out of the way of an approaching freight train, stepped in front of the express. He was hurled violently against an embankment, and when picked up was found to have had his neck and right leg broken. Deceased was aged about 21 years.

—Jacob Quarry, of Hare's valley is the owner of a cow five years old that is the mother of five calves. On last Monday she gave birth to twin calves, just the year previous she gave birth to twins at three years old. She gave birth to one making five at the age of five years. This cow's grandmother was one of a pair of twins, also this cow herself was one of a pair of twins. The calves are living and doing well. If any one doubts this statement they can learn facts by calling on the above named.

—Dr. Campbell, of Petersburg, attempted to jump on the special train for the Sons of America picnic at the Huntingdon station on Saturday morning while carrying his child and while the train was in motion. He missed his hold and both father and child fell to the ground, coming within an ace of falling under the wheels. Persons who witnessed the accident expected to see both killed, but the doctor's presence of mind asserted itself so quickly that he rolled himself and the child away from the train in an instant, and thus escapedwith but a few scratches and bruises. It was an very close call.

—Robert Emory Evans, a son of Levi Evans, deceased, who was elected last fall by the Republicans of Dakota county, Nebraska, to the office of County Attorney, has been so successful that on 6th inst. the same party nominated him for District Judge of the eighth judicial district of Nebraska. Mr. Evans is a Huntingdon county boy. He was a student of the normal schools of Indiana, Pa. and Millersville, Pa., but finally graduated from the law department of the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, in 1886. He is a cousin of our townsman, D. M. Evans, Esq. Emory is ambitious and is reaching ahead of the family cognomen of 'Squire.

—Owen McCabe, of Altoona, alias Edward Parker, was convicted a few days ago in the Juniata county courts for robbing Hertzler's store at Port Royal last April and sentenced to six years imprisonmeut in the western penitentiary. The booty secured by the burglars in bonds and money was over $40,000. Two other prisoners associated with McCabe broke jail several weeks ago and have not been captured. McCabe made a partial confession to his counsel after the sentence. The trial revealed the working of a gang of criminals operating in Central Pennsylvania with headquarters at Altoona. McCabe is well connected, being a member of a family highly respected in the Mountain City.

—The exercise in connection with the presentation of an American flag to the school board of the borough of Smithfield, just across the river from Huntingdon, by W. C. No. 321, P. O. S. of A., of Huntingdon, was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. A large platform had been erected in front of the school house which was tastefully decorated. Rev. S. F. Forgeus presented the flag with an impressive patriotic speech, and county superintendent Rudy, received the flag on behalf of the school board. At the conclusion of the addresses the beautiful emblem was raised to the top of the high pole amid the cheers of the spectators, a salute by company A, N. G. P., and music by the City band. The exercises were concluded by a fiine display of fire works.

James Byron McHugh Killed.

James B. McHugh, employed as a track hand on the Mapleton division, was killed at 9.05 o'clock last Friday morning by a west bound freight train hauled by engine No. 1477. Mr. McHugh had not been well for some time and complained of dizzy spells. He must have had one of them at this time The men were shoveling ballast and when they saw the train approaching the others moved off the track. Foreman Gillam called to him to get off when the engine was about sixty feet away. He raised up, seemed dazed, and looked up the railroad. He turned and looked down. A fellow workman called to him but the train was almost upon him. He threw his shovel off and clapped his hands to his eyes. The pilot struck him, knocked him down, and the ash pan of the engine rolled his head to the rail. The rigging of the tender threw his legs and left arm out on the rail and the greater part of the train passed over him. His entire head excepting the face was mashed and the skull and brains scattered over the track. Both legs and the left arm were severed and his body was a mass of bruises. The body was taken in charge by the company, sent to Huntingdon and prepared for burial. It was returned to his mother Friday evening and Saturday on way passenger was again taken to Huntingdon and interred in the Catholic cemetry.

James Byron McHugh was born on board the sailing vessel, Lord Byron, (Captain James Campbell) May 2, 1849, when his parents were emigrating to America, hence he was aged 46 years, 4 months and 11 days. The names of the captain and of the vessel were given him. He married Miss Harriett Godard and to them two daughters were born. His elder daughter is a student at the Lock Haven normal school and his wife and younger daughter reside in Ohio. For the past few years he has been making his home with his aged mother in this place, who with two sisters and one brother also survive him. His sisters and brothers are Mrs. Catharine McCann, of Australia, Mrs. Rose A. Nipple, of Walnut, Juniata county, and John A. McHugh, of Mapleton. Mr. McHugh was a hard working, skillful man and as an employee was esteemed. He was an agreeable companion and had many warm friends. His many good qualities will be longer remembered than his weakness. His aged mother extends thanks to her neighbors who comforted her during her sad affliction. The ITEM extends sympathy to the bereaved friends.

Explosion at Stave Works.

An explosion occurred at the L. L. Fritch Stave works in South Huntingdon Friday afternoon about half past one o'clock, a portion of the top of one of the two upright fifty horse power boilers being blown off. Fortunately no one was hurt, and no serious damage was done to the buildings.

The boilers have been in use about two years, and were considered in good condition. At the time of the explosion there were about a hundred pounds of steam in the boilers, force enough to blow out a piece of the top of the boiler four feet long by about a foot wide, and hurl it over fifty feet. The seventy foot iron stack was totally wrecked, pieces of it being blown in different directions, and the iron flume weighing about a ton that connected the flues was hurled fifty feet away. The roof of the boiler shed was dilapidated, and the stone foundation for the boilers shattered. The cause of the explosion is believed to have been from a defect in the iron, the rim of the broken piece of boiler indicating that there had been a crack in it for some time.

Although a number of persons were employed about the works at the time, no one was injured. The engineer, Blair White, was in the boiler house at the time, but escaped with a slight bruise on the hand, caused by being struck by some of the debris.

The works are in successful operation, and the damage will be repaired at once. —*News*.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery now its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on B. O'Connor & Sons and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing.

This Is The Time of The Year

That you want felt boots, fur caps, woolen shirts, flannels, heavy underwear, &c., on the back shelves, and that is where they are. Our shelves are

Chuck Full of Seasonable Goods

The latest styles in Summer Dress Goods and the best selections that the markets can produce. Summer Underwear, light and heavy weight, summer Shirts, Ladies' and Misses, Shoes, and Oxford Ties, Men's, Boys' and Youths' Shoes, at rock bottom prices. A complete assortment of Hardware, Queensware, Tinware and all other wares needed.

Our Stock is Complete, our Prices Are Right.

A. B. Gillam.

Benj. O'Connor & Sons.

Where there is plenty there is generally happiness.

THOSE PEOPLE have the most who get the most for each dollar they spend judiciously.

Your dollar will go farthest at our store. Our stock and assortment are purchased with a view to please our customers. Trade with us.

B. O'CONNOR & SONS

D. L. Moody is planning to put a Bible in the hands of each of the 750,000 criminals in this country.

It is estimated that the total outlay for bicycles next year by the people of the United States will be $50,000,000.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is to expend $5,000,000, for which bonds were recently floated in England, in improvements. More of the main line is to be made three and four track.

The trolley car in Philadelphia have reduced taxable property to the extent of $1,000,000 worth of horses, but as the general net increase in the valuation for the year is $13,000,000 the city has no complaint to make.

From Berlin comes the news that an anti-cholera serum has been discovered. Of course, after the anti-consumption serum was looked for. Now, suggests the New York World, an anti-cholera serum is in order, and a full assortment of anti-toothache serums.

The New York Sun observes: One of the noteworthy points in this year's shooting at Bisley was the good work done by the English smokless powder called rifleite. The same powder also achieved excellent results at Roumania, where the noteworthy merit of it was that the specimen used had been kept a year and a half. The problem of smokeless powders seems to be solved.

An English hat merchant once remarked that the state of his own trade enabled him to tell whether business generally was good or bad. The new hat is an article which the prosperous man desires and an unprosperous man can do without. Hence the frequency with which his customers renewed their headgear, was a good indication of the financial state of the people. If the remark applies equally well to this country, as it ought to do, business in the United States now is good, maintains the New Orleans Picayune. Many hat factories are active, some others are reported to be getting ready to go into operation and there has been some improvement in wages.

Canadian ship owners are very much exercised about the possible effect of the big Chicago drainage ditch on the navigation of the St. Lawrence river. The river has been falling very fast of late, and if it continues to do so for a short time, large vessels will be compelled to lighter part of their cargoes before they can reach Montreal. The average draft of the ocean steamships which frequent this port is a trifle more than twenty feet, though the class of ships such as the Parisan, Labrador, Vancouver, Mongolian, etc., draw considerably more. Now the water in the harbor registers twenty-six feet, five inches. For some time past a gradual decrease of about an inch a day has taken place. The low record last year was in November, when on the 30th the water reached twentyfive feet. The lowest in 1883 was on Nov. 27th, when the water attained a depth of twenty-seven feet two inches.

A revolt against world's fairs has been begun in France, and some of reasons advanced will appeal to the people of other countries. The first protest against the Paris exhibition of 1900 comes from the Municipal Council of Nancy. All the arguments against the scheme have been admirably summed up in a resolution. The people of Nancy are against the exposition because it does not appear to answer to any important national want. Statistics show that the former exhibitions have caused serious damages to trade, that even if it does bring money into Paris it will also bring a lot of unemployed and will raise the cost of living. Paris is itself a great permanent exhibition, and French industry has no interest in offering hospitality to foreign competitors at her own cost. It is inconsistent to hold a universal exhibition with a system of high tariffs. The preparation of the great exhibition must have an influence on home and foreign politics. A nation that devotes five years to organize a gigantic fete has its hands tied. Under the present financial circumstances the exhibition will cripple the future budgets.

Almost all the biggest London and provincial English papers are printed on presses made in New York.

It is a sign of the times that the new normal school to be built at Madison, Wisconsin, will contain a gymnasium, swimming tank and a running track.

A curious development of socialism in France is the creation of a school socialist oratory, where young men are to be trained in the sophisms supposed to be best suited to sway the public mind.

Light single railroads, on which large wheelbarrows run, are beginning to be used on French farms. The rails are fastened to small iron cross pieces the ends joined by fish plates, and be easily put in place and removed.

The closing decades of this country are witnessing no more remarkable phenomenon than that shown in the migration of population, not so much from country to country, as from place to place in the same country.

The many sidedness of the great genius of the Franco-Prussian War, Count von Molke, is illustrated again by the discovery among his papers of several poems which critics say are worthy of rank among the works of the most famous German writers.

New England has a greater proportion of wage earners than any other section of the country, in Rhode Island the proportion reaching forty-two per cent, or nearly one-half the entire population. This remarkable state of things is due to the employment of women and children in the mills.

The last report of the Zurich penitentiary shows that forty-eight of the male convicts were "disciplined" for talking, while none of the female inmates had to be punished for the same offense. "Distressing symptoms of the degeneracy of man are reported from everywhere," laments the New York World.

Says Harper's Weekly: "In this country alone the sales of bicycles for this year are estimated at half a million. The total number of bicycles in use is estimated at a million. These figures are mere guesses, but there is nothing incredible or improbable about them. It is certain that we are only at the beginning of what is called the bicycle craze, and the indications are that the craze is not getting ready to disappear, even if it is not getting ready, as is more likely to supersede all other methods of locomotion."

The fortune of Col. John T. North the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars. He is 51 years old and was a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he went out to the little town of Huasco, in Peru, 28 years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure has made him the most talked-about rich man in the kingdom.

A striking summary of domestic wretchedness in London, is furnished by the showing of the number of persons to the living room. We are accustomed to regard the tenement quarters of New York as densely crowded, and to pity the poor creatures of the East Side, recently arrived immigrants for the most part, for the narrow quarters in which they pass their lives. General Booth's figures, however, show a condition of existence far worse than we are accustomed to associate with the New York poor. There are in London no fewer than 2,257,000 people whose idea of home is represented by a single room. Of these, 304,000 live three in a room, 102,000 four in a room, 57,000 five in a room, 20,000 six in a room, 6,000 seven in a room and 2,000 eight in a room. By a room is ment the apartment in which they eat, cook, sleep and dress. The mind revolts from too vivid a realization of what this signifies in point of cleanliness, still more of morals, if, indeed, cleanliness and morality of any kind can be predicated of such hideous human cohabitation.

Wheat and Clover.

On one side slept the clover,
On one side sprang the wheat,
And I, like a lazy lover,
Knew not which seemed more sweet—
The red caps of the clover
Or the green gowns of the wheat.

The red caps of the clover,
They nodded in the heat,
And as the wind went over
With nimble flying feet,
It tossed the caps of clover
And stirred the gowns of wheat.

O rare red caps of clover,
O dainty gowns of wheat,
You teach a lazy lover
How in his lady meet
The sweetness of the clover
The promise of the wheat.

—London Spectator.

Miss Jefferson's Lodger.

The clock had just struck 9. Hugh Dyson and his friend Mr. Carhart were enjoying a snug little bachelor tete-a-tete by the light of the shaded gas-burner. They were a curious pair; similar, and yet not alike; fond of one another's society and yet constituted very differently. Hugh was was a tall, strongly made Saxon, with fair hair, clear blue eyes, and a fresh, healthy complexion; while it would have required only a mantle, a plumed hat, and a rapier to convert Selwyn Carhart into a Spaniard of the days of the Inquisition!

"Then you've really determined to make a change in your quarters," observed the other as he listlessly turned over the uncut leaves of a newly arrived magazine.

"I can't stand it," said Dyson, ruefully. "I'm the only old bachelor in the whole house, and everybody preys on me. The girls make me buy their concert tickets, the men borrow money of me, and the matrons regularly victimize me with their babies and their errands. And that isn't the worst of it, old boy. I could endure all that with only an odd grimace now and then; but when it comes to entomological specimens in the jelly and a mouse's leg in the mince pie ——"

"Nonsense!"

"It's a fact, I tell you. No, I shall pull up stakes."

"Why don't you get married?"

"Why don't I go to heaven? One event is about as probable as the other!"

"No; but really, you're just the sort of person to enjoy a bright hearth-stone and a pretty wife of your own. Did you never think of it?"

"Why, yes, I have thought of it. I was in love once and engaged to be married.

"You?"

"Yes. Seems rather improbable, don't it, but nevertheless it is true."

"Who was she?"

"A little black-eyed divinity, with cheeks like two peaches, and hair that wasn't so much black as it was purple. Native state, Connecticut; age, 18; name, Janie; surname—well, as long as it didn't become Dyson, it is not a matter of much importance. Cause of misunderstanding, a tall fellow by the name of Parker. Don't know what became of either of 'em, and don't care! Now, you've heard all about it, and I hope you feel better. Look here—see what a lot of advertisements about 'desirable board for unexceptionable parties' I've cut out of the papers! Some of them ought to suit. I say, Selwyn, I wish you'd cut that old hotel, and come and room with me. You won't. Very well, then."

And Mr. Dayson poked the fire vigorously, and contemplated the roses on the toe of his slipper with dreamy earnestness.

"I like the rooms very much. Twenty dollars a week you say?"

"Yes, sir," answered the Scotch housemaid, whose hair fairly illumined the apartments; "that's incloodin foire and loights."

They were very cosy little rooms, a bed-room and sitting-room, carpeted with crimson, and possessing three south windows, through whose draperies the sunshine streamed cheerily in. Everything was deliciously neat and orderly.

"I say, Janet——"

"My name is Mary Ann, please sir!"

"Mary Ann, the—it'll all be the same a hundred years hence. Who keeps the house?"

"Miss Jefferson, sir."

"Jefferson, eh?" Dyson started a little. "What Jefferson?"

"I don't know sir."

"An unmarried lady?"

"Aye, sir."

"An old maid, probably," thought Hugh, with a sidewise screw at his visage, "with a false front and a black dress foxy about the seams. I know the race of 'em—come out of the ark with Noah and won't be extinct until the last day. Well Janet—Mary Ann I mean—I will sake these rooms. I'll send my trunks immediately. But, mind, I only come here on one condition. I don't want to be bothered."

"Wha's t'at, sir?"

"Disturbed, annoyed, asked questions about, meddled with. There's my card. Give it to your mistress and tell her I'm to be let alone."

"Yes, sir."

And Dyson went away, congratulating himself on having found such a cosy little refuger

The table was as neat as the rooms the attendance prompt and sedulous, the other boarders not addicted apparently to prying, and, best of all, the landlady never made her appearance. Up to this period in Hugh Dyson's experience, the word landlady had been synonymous with a sort of private detective, a gossip, a harpy, and this new state of things was infinitely satisfactory.

It's too good to last," sighed he. "Something will happen. The house will be burned down, or Miss Jefferson will have a fit of apoplexy. If she's that fat old lady, in black I saw trundling down the basement stairs yesterday, she's exactly the sort of subject for a good, tearing stroke. And really that would be a public loss, for she's the only boarding-house keeper I ever knew who had the proper idea of the dressing for lobster salad. And her cranberry tarts—they're just sublime!"

His surmise proved to be correct. Something did happen, although it was not exactly what he had apprehended. Dyson himself fell sick.

"It's nothing," he said when Carhart advised him to send for a doctor. "I'll get the Scotch girl to brew me a jug of tea, and I'll go to bed early, that'll set me up all right."

But neither tea nor bed produced the desired results. And finally when he was stricken down by the fierce and relentless hand of fever, he was unwillingly obliged to confess himself seriously ill.

Through the delirium that was gathering over his brain, Dyson caught here and there a connected sentence of the doctor's talk at his bedside.

"You see," said Dr. Fane, solemnly "it is very sickly just now through the city, and it is almost impossible to obtain a good nurse at any terms. I don't know of a single professional who is disengaged.

"But I should think there might be enough to come, if you pay them well," suggested Carhart.

Dr. Fane shook his head.

"Typhoid fever is an ugly disease."

"Yes; but in the name of Christian charity is——"

"Not much of that element left in the world, I'm afraid!"

"We might send for the landlady——"

"I don't want her," interrupted Dyson, breaking feebly into the conversation. "She's fat, and trundles, and ——"

"There, there!" soothed the doctor; "it's all right. Go to sleep."

"But you know, doctor, how it is," pleaded Hugh. "They wear false fronts put on at one side, and dyed dresses, and—and foxy about the seams, you know!"

"Exactly so. Yes, yes!" And so Dr. Fane went away.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, Carhart jerked the bell wire vehemently.

"Send your mistress up here at once. This gentleman is raving and some one must be here!"

Presently a tall slight lady in black entered. Carhart stared vaguely at her.

"Are you the landlady?"

"I am Miss Jefferson, sir."

"Oh!" and after a minute's hesitation Carhart told his story and pleaded his request. The landlady assented at once; but her softly spoken words were interrupted by the high-pitched voice of Hugh Dyson:

"Janie! Janie! you've come back to me. I knew it would all be made clear some day. Put your hand on my head, Janie; it feels so cool! so cool!"

Miss Jefferson colored and hesitated; so did Carhart.

"It is only the ravings of fever," he said reassuringly. "He fancies you are some one else. Perhaps it will be be better to humor the whim."

So Miss Jefferson sat down by the bedside, her soft garments rippling noiselessly around her, and laid her hand on his forehead.

"I can go to sleep now," he murmured. "There was always a magnetism in your hand, Janie!"

He went to sleep; and Miss Jefferson sat there, motionless as a figure of marble, while Carhart looked curiously at "the landlady"

She was perhaps some four or five and twenty, very delicate looking with straight Greek features, and deep, long-lashed eyes, as, black and melting as those of an Israelitish Rebekah.

"Can it be possible that she keeps the house?" thought Carhart: and then, as Miss Jefferson's casually uplifted eyes met his eyes, he colored and looked down.

Six weeks afterwards Dyson sat up for the first time in a pillowed armchair by the open window, where the sunshine spun glimmering webs of brightness, and Miss Jefferson herself brought a tiny footstool to place under his feet.

"That's right, Janie; now come and sit down by me," he said, smiling, as he met the wistful sparkle of her eyes. "My dear little nurse, how shall I ever thank you for the devotion you have shown?"

"I do not wish to be thanked."

"But you can help yourself, mia cara. Married women can't expect to have their own way—and you're to be married to me a week from Tuesday.

"Oh, Hugh, not so soon!"

"Yes, exactly so soon. I have been deprived of you too long already. I can't afford to wait any longer. Janie what a curious story our lives would make. It seems so strange that I should come here to board, where you were struggling to earn your bread, and never knew whither I had been directed by fate. And you knew it all the while, and hid away until death came to my bedside; and then you gave him battle, like a heroine as you are."

Janie Jefferson's eyes filled with tears as she hid her face on her lovers shoulder. Perhaps she was thinking of the deadly warfare she had waged with the destroyer—perhaps they were tears of happiness. For Janie was very happy, and so was Hugh Dyson.—New York News.

The Final Test.

It was on a ferry boat crossing to Windsor the other day. A young and good-looking chap sat beside a young and good-looking girl, and they loved and loved. When the boat was in midstream the girl was struck with a sudden thought and anxiously inquired:

"George, if I should happen to fall overboard, what then?"

"I'd chuck you a life-preserver," he calmly replied, as he glanced at the rows of them overhead.

"But if I didn't catch it?"

"Then I'd chuck you a chair."

"But the chair might not fall within my reach," she persisted.

"Then I'd chuck half a dozen over."

"George, I might be sinking—drowning—going down to my death in the cool, limpid waters which are hurrying to the lake. If the chairs failed—if the life-preservers failed, what then? Would you, George—would you chuck yourself overboard to—?"

She was testing him, and her whole future happiness hung upon his answer. He knew it, and yet he stretched out a leg to rest his foot upon an empty chair and placidly replied:

"No, dearest, I am no chucker from Chuckersville. I'd buy the boat and back 'er up to you."

And then the river rolled on and on, and the girl sighed and sighed, and a gulf came between them which can never, never be bridge nor pontooned.—Detroit Free Press.

A prominent lady is proposing to build a "cottage" at Bar Harbor, Me. The plans, as prepared, show seventy-eight rooms.

AMERICA'S CUP IS SAFE.

International Yacht Races at New York End in a Muddle.

DEFENDER GETS ALL THREE.

The First Was Won on Its Merits, the Second Was Awarded on a Foul and the Third Was a Walkover Owing to Valkyrie's Withdrawal After She Had Started---Why Dunraven Withdrew.

All three yacht races in the America's Cup series at New York have been won practically by the peerless Defender. The first was a square defeat for the British Valkyrie III., the Defender defeating her by nearly nine minutes. The second was awarded to the Defender owing to a foul, in which Valkyrie was decided to be in the wrong, and the third race was made a gift to the Defender owing to Valkyrie's withdrawal.

That the America's Cup would remain in this country at least another year was definitely decided when the Defender won the third of the international races. Valkyrie III. crossed the line at the starting point and then refused to go over the course. The Defender kept right on, followed by a fleet of yachts and excursion boats, sailed fifteen miles to leeward from Sandy Hook Lightship and return, and finished the race within the six-hour limit amid the noisy congratulations of a host of spectators who were as loud in their expressions of regret at the action of the Earl of Dunraven as they were in praise of the yacht which insured the retention of the trophy.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Lord Dunraven refused to let Valkyrie III. sail on the ground that he feared interference by the excursion fleet and that the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club would not give him the assurance of an open course, which he demanded.

Mr. Iselin wrote to Lord Dunraven, offering to resail the second race, which was given to Defender because she was run into at the start by Valkyrie III. Injured as she was by the collision, Defender kept right on, and was defeated by only forty-seven seconds. Lord Dunraven declined Mr. Iselin's proposition to resail the race.

Excursionists estimated at 25,000 went down New York Bay to see the third race. These and the members of the Regatta and Race Committees were greatly disappointed and amazed at Lord Dunraven's action. In a letter to the Regatta Committee he had said that he would not sail if the excursion boats interfered with him. Extraordinary pains were taken to keep the start clear, so that there should be no occasion for complaint on this ground.

Lord Dunraven refused to make any further explanation of his course, but when attention was called to the clear field allowed at the start, a friend of the Valkyrie's owner intimated that Lord Dunraven feared the course would not be so clear at the finish, and this was his motive for giving up the race.

On the day after the third race it was announced that Lord Dunraven was going to Niagara Falls and that his yacht, Valkyrie III., would be sailed back as soon as possible into English waters. Defender, it was stated, would not be raced again for some time, and it was said further that there would be no further test of sailing qualities between the American yacht and her transatlantic rival. It is not likely that there will be another contest for the America's Cup for many years to come, if ever.

The trend of public opinion in New York seemed to be with Mr. Iselin and against Lord Dunraven, whose action was bitterly resented by some members of the New York Yacht Club as an international insult. On the other hand the English press generally sided with Lord Dunraven and asserted that, owing to the many excursion boats, a fair race could not take place in the waters in the vicinity of New York.

A New York gentleman offered a $10,000 cup for a race between Defender and Valkyrie III., with the understanding that writen guarantees have to be secured from the Captains of all excursion boats that the course would be kept clear. Lord Dunraven declined to race.

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES.

Great Damage Done to Property in Southern New Jersey.

Business at Egg Harbor City, N. J., was entirely suspended, owing to the close proximity of the forest fires to the town. The citizens turned out in a body to fight the flames and protect their property. Mayor Farr, the Colwell estate and Congressman John J. Gardner, of the Second New Jersey District, are heavy losers. The light of the flames could be plainly seen at Egg Harbor City, and thousands of people watched the glare in the sky. Other fires were burning in the swamp districts in and around Elwood, and in the western part of the county. Thousands of dollars have been lost by the owners of cranberry bogs, many of which will prove a total loss.

Chicago's Schools Overcrowded.

All the school buildings of Chicago are overcrowded, and it is estimated that fully 11,000 children are kept from going to school through a lack of accommodations.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED

Washington Items.

Senor Dupuy de Lome, Spanish Minister to the United States, says that Spain's honor and her loyal subjects' interests demand the Cuban revolt be crushed. He also asserts that Campos's autumn campaign will end the rebellion.

Secretary Herbert says he proposes to demonstrate the availability of the Port Royal Dock by ordering the Indiana to be docked there just as soon as she has had her trial cruise and is accepted by the Government.

Captain George W. Sumner has been suspended from duty for six months and reprimanded for allowing the cruiser Columbia to be injured in the drydock at Southampton, England.

I. L. Parker, Deputy Collector and Inspector of Customs at Lynn, Mass., has been removed by the Secretary of the Treasury for attacking the Administration in a paper of which he is managing editor.

The State Department has been apprised of the death of United States Consul Muchmeyer, of West Virginia, and his wife at San Salvador. Both died of yellow fever.

Dispatches received by the State Department indicate that England has abandoned further claims against Nicaragua, being content with the payment of the $75,000 smart money.

In his annual report about the public buildings and grounds in Washington Colonel Wilson says that he has thoroughly overhauled and repaired the White House. It was found that the flooring in front of the State dining-room, where the crowds are greatest during receptions, had become weakened and sunk.

Benjamin F. Meyers, twenty-five years old, was sliding to second base in an amateur game of ball at the National Capital when the second baseman, in jumping into the air to catch the ball, fell on the runner's body with such force as to dislocate his spine. Meyers was instantly killed.

Domestic.

RECORD OF THE LEAGUE CLUBS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Baltimore.	77	39	.664	Boston..	63	54	.538
Cleveland.	77	45	.631	New York.	63	56	.529
Philadel ..	73	47	.608	Cincinnati.	60	56	.517
Brooklyn..	64	54	.542	Washing'n	37	77	.325
Pittsburg..	65	55	.542	St. Louis..	36	82	.305
Chicago...	65	55	.542	Louisville.	30	90	.250

Diamonds worth $20,000 were stolen from the cottage of H. Victor Newcombe at Long Branch, N. J.

A fire of incendiary origin totally destroyed valuable barns and outbuildings on John D. Rockefeller's country seat, near Tarrytown, N. Y.

The fourteenth annual National Encampment, Sons of Veterans, began at Knoxville, Tenn., with religious services.

Louis Hoffman, of Chicago, Ill., in a drunken fury, fatally shot and cut his wife and then fired a bullet into his own brain and died soon after being taken to the hospital.

A big fire in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, destroyed an elevator, 150,000 bushels of grain and a spar yard. The loss is nearly $100,000.

Gold is going out again from this country to Europe, $7,200,000 having been exported from New York during the week.

Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs met in convention at York. The 567 delegates in attendance represented 190 clubs.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, now a member of the British Parliament, arrived in New York on a three months' trip to this country and Canada.

Five persons—three railroad men, a mail clerk and an express messenger—were killed and a dozen injured in a collison between passenger trains on the Great Northern Railroad, near Melby, Minn.

Theodore Roosevelt, the New York City Police Commissioner, in a speech at Buffalo fiercely denounced Senator Hill for his attitude on the question of closing saloons on Sundays.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Grand Jury has indicted Herman W. Mudgett, alias Holmes, for the murder of Howard Pietzel. An effort will be made to have Holmes extradicted from Philadelphia, where he is in confinement.

At the Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention in Williamsport ex-Congressman Benjamin F. Meyers, of Harrisburg, was nominated for State Treasurer by acclamation. For Superior Court Judges, Harman Yerkes, James S. Moorehead, Charles S. Noyes, Peter F. Smith, O. P. Bechtel and Christopher Magee were nominated. The platform reaffirms the declaration of the last Democratic National Convention on the financial question and praises the Administration of President Cleveland.

Ohio Republicans opened their campagin with a great mass meeting in Springfield, at which Senator Sherman, Governor McKinley and ex-Governor Foraker made speeches.

Heavy rains and floods caused severe damage in the region of Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Krueger and their five children, ranging in age from six to twenty years, of Michigan City, Ind., are dead as the result of eating diseased pork. All the bodies were literally alive with trichinae.

Governor Evans was unanimously elected President of the South Carolina Constitutional Convention, which opened its session at Columbia. The State Constitution will be thoroughly revised.

Louis Cox, of Nunda, Ill., and Charles Sweet, of Crystal Lake, Ill., while crossing the railroad tracks near Cory in a buggy were struck by the St. Paul limited and instantly killed.

An outbreak of Sioux Indians at the Rosebud Agency is threatened.

A week's celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the Order of United American Mechanics has occupied much attention in Philadelphia. Delegates from 500 councils, with a membership of 60,000, distributed throughout the United States, were in attendance.

Foreign Notes.

The Italian bark Broomhall was sunk in collision with the British bark Condor near Montevideo, Uruguay. Captain Repetto, the mate and five of the crew of the Broomhall were drowned.

A Berlin paper says that the island of Chusan, off the eastern coast of China, has been ceded to Germany.

A new Austrian Cabinet has been formed, with Count Baldeni as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.

Great Britain's Consul at Wenchow, in the province of Chekiang, China, has been stoned by a mob.

The cholera situation in Honolulu, Hawaii, is much worse than it was at first supposed to be.

The German Government has decided to expel all foreign Socialists from the country.

At Diss, in Norfolk, England, a husband and wife, who had lived to be ninety-three together, died within a few hours of each other and were buried together.

A DISASTROUS TORNADO.

Terrific Wind and Electrical Storm in Northern New York.

RAIN SEEMED A CLOUDBURST.

The Railroad Depot at Cape Vincent Smashed in and Eighteen Persons Injured---Two Dead and Three Others Dangerously Hurt---A Hundred Barns Were Unroofed in Jefferson County.

A terrific storm swept over the northwestern part of New York at about 9 o'clock p. m., causing much damage to property generally, and culminating in a serious disaster at Cape Vincent, at the foot of Lake Ontario. The depot, in which about 200 persons had sought shelter from the storm, was partly blown down, and many were injured. Thomas Arniel and George Godfrey, of Cape Vincent, died from internal injuries. Others were injured as follows:

J. M. Anderson, of New York City: fracture at the base of the brain. Miss Maud Walsh, Kingston, Ont.; severe scalp wound. Miss Lillie Wilson, Cape Vincent: fractured clavicle. Mrs. John Aiken, Hamilton, Ont.; fractured limb and internal injuries. David Andrus, Pierrepont Manor: hand cut. And the following from Cape Vincent: Mrs. Eugene Fitzgerald; severely wounded internally. Miss Addie Dennison, Willie Rivers, Fred Strong, Miss Addie Dunham, Miss Adele Seymour, Miss Lizzie McGowan, Miss Rose Stumpf, Miss Grace Augustus. Eugene Fitzgerald and Steve Oudine.

Although it continued only a few minutes it was the most severe wind storm that has visited that section since its settlement by the whites. The rain came as from a cloudburst, and that continued half an hour; but the wind which wrought the destruction was like a tremendous gust, coming so suddenly and passing so swiftly that it seemed not to have lasted more than a minute, yet in that brief time showing a power before which almost everything movable gave way.

The station at Cape Vincent, which was wrecked, was an immense shed, capable of sheltering great crowds of excursionists to the Thousand Islands and Canadian points. It seemed like a straw under the force of the wind.

So violent was the force of the wind that it shot boards and sticks of timber from a lumber yard not only through the windows of houses, but in one instance, at least, through the clapboards and plaster into a kitchen.

Reports from various parts of Jefferson County show that probably a hundred barns were unroofed and some blown down. The Jefferson County Fair was in progress with a great number of tented attractions. The grounds presented a scene of chaos, nearly every tent being flattened and much of the canvas being torn to shreds.

In St. Lawrence County, particularly in the vicinity of Gouverneur, the storm took the form of a flood, accompanied by the terrifying electric display. Several fires are reported, in which farm barns were struck by lightning and harvested crops and stock destroyed.

A FRIGHTFUL EARTHQUAKE.

Hundreds of Persons Reported Killed and Great Damage Done in Honduras.

A courier who arrived at Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, reported that a disastrous earthquake had occurred at Yetapan and the surrounding country, causing the loss of hundreds of lives and the destruction of many houses. At Yetapan, according to his report, seventy-one houses were destroyed and 153 dead bodies had been taken from the ruins. At Covajuanca thirty-seven houses were destroyed and ninety-five dead bodies had been recovered. At Cayuscat twenty-nine houses were destroyed and 111 bodies were taken from the ruins.

The shocks commenced on Sunday, lasting all day and night at intervals, causing much damage and great fear among the inhabitants of the city and neighborhood. By Monday the city was filled by an addition of 3500 people from the mountains and outlying villages. During Monday night sheets of flames appeared at different points to the northwest, rising to immense heights.

Tuesday morning the shocks ceased, quiet was restored and people left town for their homes. At 9 o'clock that night, however, heavy rumbling noises were heard, shortly after followed by a reappearance of the flames in the mountains. Frightened people again flocked to town and at midnight the church tower fell, carrying with it the roofs of three houses. Nine people were killed and eighteen injured.

Rumbling which sounded like the heaviest cannonading commenced and lasted over an hour and a half, the people rushing madly through the streets, praying and crying. Just before daylight another prolonged shock occurred, which is variously calculated to have lasted from two and a quarter to three minutes.

Many fleeing people were killed by rocks which fell in a perfect shower like a hailstorm. Smoke from the mountains to the northwest rose to an enormous height, followed shortly after by the bursting flames from the mountain sides and the throwing out of rocks and lava. Shortly after streams of molten lava set fire to a number of houses on the mountain side. Cattle grazing near by fled and were killed, being engulfed in the lava which continued flowing in immense streams.

REUNITED BY A RING.

In Picking It Up Dr. Mott Finds His "Long Lost Wife."

By the accidental dropping of a diamond ring at the station at Winimac, Ind., a husband and wife who had been separated for forty years were reunited.

Charles Mott, of Boston, stepped from the train, and as he walked toward the station a woman leaned from the window of a car and asked him to hand her a diamond ring which had slipped from her finger and was lying at his feet. Dr. Mott picked up the ring and on the inside read the inscription: "Charles Mott and Vera L. Burns." At the same time the woman recognized him and cried: "Charles, my husband!"

Dr. Mott clasped the wife who fled from him in anger forty years ago, and when the train departed they were sitting side by side, just as they sat forty years ago, before that quarrel.

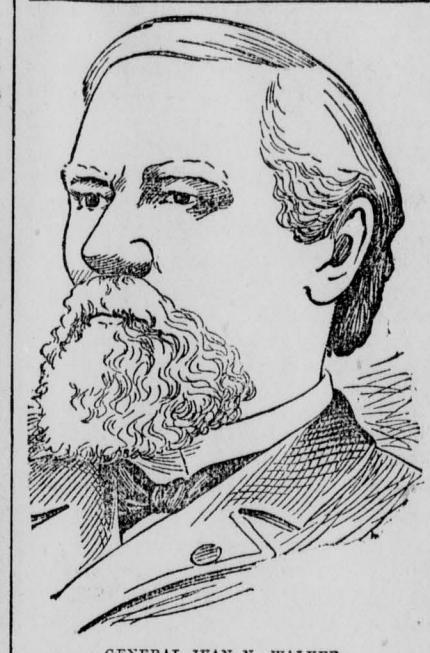
A Miraculous Escape.

Agnes Driscoll, two years old, fell out of of a window in Brooklyn, N. Y., to the yard, seventy feet below. Her fall was broken by a clothesline, and she was only slightly bruised.

A NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

G. A. R. Elects an Indiana Man---Growth of the Order the Past Year.

At the business session of the G. A. R. at its National Encampment in Louisville, the delegates were welcomed to the South in an eloquent address by Henry Watterson. The report of the Adjutant-General showed that there are now 357,639 members in good standing, a gain of 43,040 during the year; loss by death, 7368, and by suspension, 33,589.



GENERAL IVAN N. WALKER.
(New Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.)

There are now 49,000 on the suspended list. The present membership is larger than at any time between 1878 and 1887.

At the election of officers General I. N. Walker, of Indianapolis, Ind., was nominated for Commander-in-Chief by his only competitor, General Thayer, of Nebraska, and chosen unanimously. For Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, General G. H. Hobson, of Greensburg, Ky.; and for Junior Vice, S. G. Cosgrove, of the State of Washington, were chosen by acclamation.

St. Paul was selected as the place for the next meeting.

Colonel Ivan N. Walker was born in Indianapolis in 1842, went to the front with the Seventy-third Indiana Volunteers, of which he later became Colonel, and was compelled to surrender at the battle of Blount's Plantation, Ala. He and other officers were sent to Libby Prison, and in February, 1864, he and twenty-four others tunneled their way out. He was recaptured, however, and remained till exchanged. He has been State Tax Commissioner of Indiana since 1891.

Colonel Walker became a member of the G. A. R. in 1867, and on the reorganization of the Department of Indiana served as Commander of George H. Thomas Post, the largest post in the Department. He was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General in 1887, and was reappointed three times. In 1891, declining a fifth term, he was chosen Department Commander.

A GRAND STAND COLLAPSED.

Many Persons Injured During a Fireworks Display at Louisville.

Many people narrowly escaped being crushed to death during a display of fireworks in honor of the G. A. R. at Louisville, Ky. The accident occurred on the Ohio River front. In the rear of the Galt House, on the Louisville bank of the river, a grand stand had been erected for the occupation of Grand Army officials and visiting members of the press. Thousands of sightseers, Louisville people, and residents of the Indiana side gathered on the banks of the river to watch the exhibition of fire works. Without a moment's warning, the floor of the grand stand, which had been crowded beyond a safe capacity, collapsed. The fall of scores of occupants inflicted all manner of painful but not serious injuries.

Hundreds of men, women and children, who were crowded in the rear part of the stand, made a rush for the ground, but cooler headed men shouted to the 2000 people on the rear seats that there was no danger. A panic was averted. Several women fainted from fright and pain, and the ambulance corps, which had been kept convenient to the scene in case of accident, removed them to their homes or hotels. Fully 100 persons were injured in different degrees of severity. About one-half of them were taken to the hospitals and the rest found their way to their homes.

FARM IS WORTH THREE MILLIONS.

Two Brothers Have Tilled Soil Valued at $400,000 a Block.

By the sale to Mr. John D. Crimmins for $400,000 of the block bounded by Lenox and Seventh avenues and 144th and 145th streets in New York, one of the most valuable pieces of farming land in the world has been divided.

The farm in question belonged to the Watts estate, of which Thomas L. and Archibald Watts, Jr., are the heirs. Both have been devoted to farming since they were lads, and when they came into possession of the land in question they calmly turned it into a farm, notwithstanding the fact that it was worth very nearly $3,000,000.

Archibald Watts, Jr., occupied the old manor house and superintended the farm, which was a model one in every respect, and made it furnish a handsome revenue. Offer after offer was made for the land and refused, but finally the pressure became too great to resist, and Mr. Crimmins' offer of $400,000 for the block in question was accepted.

Of course, this only represented a small portion of the farm, but the remainder is bound to give way to the upward march, and in a few years, at the most, the whole will be covered with modern buildings.

TWIN SISTERS AGED NINETY.

They Are Widows, and Are Still Vigorous in Body and Mind.

In Barnstable, Mass., reside twin sisters who celebrated their ninetieth birthday recently. Possibly older twins may be found, but if so it is very doubtful if any can equal these ladies in vigor of mind and body. They are Mrs. Mehitabel Smith and Mrs. Deborah P. Hall, and they were born in Barnstable August 30, 1805. Their maiden name was Parker. They have been widows for many years. Mrs. Hall moved to New Bedford at the time of her marriage to Mr. Nathaniel Hall of that city, returning to her native town to live with her sister soon after his death. They have long resided in the house in which lived Thomas Hinckley, Governor of Plymouth Colony in 1680.

THE MARKETS

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

37

MILK AND CREAM.

The average price paid for the surplus on the platforms has been $1.35 a can of 40 quarts.

Receipts, daily, fluid milk, gals	19,921
Condensed milk, gals	196
Cream, gals	532

BUTTER.

Penn.—Fresh, extras	$ —	@$	20
Firsts	17	@	18½
Thirds to seconds	13	@	16
State—Fancy	—	@	18½
Thirds to firsts	12	@	17
Western Im. Creamery	11	@	15
Western Dairy	9	@	13
Factory, firsts	11½	@	12½

CHEESE.

State—Fullcream, white, fancy	7	@	7⅞
Full cream, good to prime	6½	@	6⅞
State Factory—Part skims, common to prime	2	@	6
Part skims, choice	5	@	6¼
Full skims	—	@	—

EGGS.

State & Penn—Fresh	16	@	17
Jersey—Fancy	—	@	17½
Western—Prime to choice	15½	@	16
Duck eggs	—	@	—
Goose eggs	—	@	—

BEANS AND PEAS.

Beans—Marrow, 1894, choice	—	@	1 70
Medium, 1894, choice	—	@	1 60
Pea, 1894, choice	1 62½	@	1 65
Red kidney, 1894, choice	—	@	1 50
White kidney, 1894, choice	2 10	@	2 15
Black turtle soup, 1894	1 65	@	1 70
Lima, Cal., 1894, ₱ 60 lbs	3 45	@	3 50
Green peas, bbls	—	@	97½

FRUITS AND BERRIES—FRESH.

Pears, Bartlett, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	3 50
Muskmelons, ₱ bbl	1 00	@	2 50
Watermelons, ₱ 100	15 00	@	18 00
Grapes, Del., ₱ basket	10	@	13
Southern Niagara, ₱ carrier	50	@	90
Peaches, ₱ basket	40	@	1 50
Plums, ₱ 8-lb. basket	15	@	50
Apples, red, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 25
Cranberries, Cape Cod, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	6 75

HOPS.

State—1894, choice, ₱ lb	6½	@	7
1894, common to fair	4	@	5
Pacific Coast, choice	6½	@	7
Good to prime	5½	@	6
Old odds	—	@	—

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay—Prime, ₱ 100 lb	—	@	90
Clover mixed	70	@	75
Straw—Long rye	55	@	60
Oat	35	@	40

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, ₱ lb	9½	@	10
Spring chickens, ₱ lb	11	@	12
Roosters, old, ₱ lb	—	@	5½
Turkeys, ₱ lb	10	@	11
Ducks, ₱ pair	50	@	80
Geese, ₱ pair	1 00	@	1 37
Pigeons, ₱ pair	—	@	—

DRESSED POULTRY.

Turkeys, ₱ lb	10	@	16
Chickens, Phila. broilers	12	@	18
Western, dry picked	10	@	12½
Fowls, ₱ lb	10½	@	11½
Spring ducks, ₱ lb	15	@	15½
Geese, ₱ lb	16	@	17
Squabs, ₱ doz	1 50	@	2 25

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, Jersey, ₱ bbl	1 00	@	1 12
L. I., ₱ bbl	1 00	@	1 25
Sweet, ₱ bbl	2 25	@	2 50
Cabbage, ₱ 100	2 00	@	3 00
Onions, white, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Yellow, ₱ bbl	1 25	@	1 50
Squash, Hubbard, ₱ bbl	—	@	75
Marrow, ₱ crate	—	@	50
Celery, ₱ doz. stalks	5	@	35
Cucumbers, ₱ bbl	—	@	—
Turnips, Russia	40	@	60
Cauliflower, ₱ bbl	50	@	1 50
Peas, L. I., ₱ bag	—	@	—
Lima beans	50	@	75
Egg plant, ₱ bbl	50	@	75
Tomatoes, ₱ bush box	15	@	35
Lettuce, ₱ bbl	—	@	—
Green corn, ₱ 100	50	@	75
String beans	50	@	60

GRAIN, ETC.

Flour—Winter Patents	3 40	@	3 60
Spring Patents	3 35	@	3 50
Wheat, No. 2 Red	—	@	62½
September	—	@	64½
Corn—No. 2	38¾	@	39⅝
Oats—No. 2 White	—	@	28½
Track, White	25¾	@	33
Malt—Western	—	@	—
Barley—Ungraded Western	—	@	—
Seeds—Timothy, ₱ 100	—	@	—
Clover	—	@	—
Lard—City steam	6.00c	@	6.10c

LIVE STOCK.

Beeves, city dressed	6	@	9
Milch cows, com. to good	—	@	—
Calves, city dressed	7½	@	12
Country dressed	7	@	11
Sheep, ₱ 100 lbs	1 75	@	3 50
Lambs, ₱ 100 lbs	4 00	@	4 90
Hogs—Live, ₱ 100 lbs	4 75	@	5 00
Dressed	6	@	7½

WILL FAVOR THE CANAL.

Nicaragua Commission Recommends a Change in the Route.

A special from Corinto, Nicaragua, says that the committee sent from the United States to study and report regarding the Canal question will shortly present a statement favoring the project and showing that Colorado Bar, near the mouth of the San Juan del Norte River, can be opened, permitting the entrance of heavy draft ships.

The Commission will also recommend a radical change in the line of the canal on account of formidable obstacles in many places. The work can probably be finished in six or seven years, while the cost will be much greater than at first calculated, probably reaching $110,000,000. It is also reported that the Commission will criticise severely the previous management of the canal.

Newsy Gleanings.

New York is the wealthiest State.

Africa kills 69,000 elephants annually.

Herding sheep on a bicycle is an innovation in California.

An Indiana calf, now two months old, has hoofs like a horse.

England loses $50,000,000 worth of property each year by fire.

Ten thousand persons have applied for licenses to hunt deer in Michigan.

Half a dozen once wealthy "forty-niners" are in the San Francisco almshouse.

A gas well has been discovered on the farm of Henry Evans, Berwick, Iowa.

What is probably the largest apple orchard in the world covers 1537 acres in Fairmont, Kan.

Mrs. M. M. Little, of Austin, Texas, claims a large part of the land on which Columbus, Ohio, is built.

A New York man won temporary fame the other day by eating ninety apricots without stopping.

A DUOLOGUE.

This is not a "problem story."

Neither does it discuss the advantages or disadvantages of having "new women" in our midst.

It is a true tale.

And it concerns a good man and a bad woman.

They would never have met if the London county council had come into existence a few years earlier than it did, because he saw her at the Empire. The exact date was Aug. 25, and it was a very hot night.

The curtain had fallen on the last scene of the ballet. The man rose from his seat and walked across the promenade toward the bar.

He passed several women, but he did not pass her. He had no intention of stopping, still less of speaking.

Yet, when he saw her, he stopped, and when she stopped he spoke.

I do not remember what he said.

They sat down together at a little table. A waiter brought them a cup of black coffee and a whisky and soda. He drank the coffee.

They talked, but again I cannot remember what they said.

A man on the stage sang a comic song. A woman on the promenade fainted and was carried away.

Then she said, "Well, are you coming?"

"No," he replied. "I don't know why I stopped or why I spoke to you. I am not 'one of the crowd' here. I am not a performer in the 'Comedy of Life.' I am only an onlooker."

She stared at him. "Then why"—

"I have told you I do not know. Perhaps I thought you looked out of place—here."

"I have been here every evening for 12 months. I ought not to look 'out of place.'"

"Why did you come?"

"Do you expect me to answer that question in this building, surrounded by these people?"

"I am sorry. Of course not. It would resemble a performance by 'The Independent Theater society,' I suppose?"

"I had better go, then, if you do not"—

"No; stay and talk. Are you happy?"

"Hardly."

"Are you miserable?"

"I am not sure."

"Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Life—the trees and fields; the wild moorlands; the sea; the birds that sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in the fields; the horses and dogs at the farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel the wind blowing in my face; I loved to smell the scent of the heather; I loved to hear the song of the mountain streams. Ha, ha! I'm almost poetic! I'm"—

"Go on."

"That is all. Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"No one—I mean only a dog."

"Oh!"

"But he is dead."

"Of course."

"Why 'of course?'"

"Because you loved him."

The man lit a cigarette. "Do you believe in heaven?"

"No; if I did, I should have been dead long ago. I am afraid to die because I don't know what comes after death. I so long for—for peace—for something else—something beautiful—something to love. Do not laugh."

"You are not a bad woman."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you ought not to have been one."

"True. That is the cruel part of it."

They watched the men and women promenading before them. Then the woman said, "It is a strange world."

The man did not answer. He was thinking. She continued: "You are a strange person. Where do you live? What do you do? How do you amuse yourself?"

"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now my dog is dead. I watch people. I listen to what they say, and—I think."

"What do you think?"

"I think that when he—whoever 'he' is—created men and women he ought to have made them altogether gods or altogether animals. No one in the world is happy, because no one is ever certain whether he—or she—should live for the 'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore men decided to seek for both, to be sometimes good and sometimes bad, to play at being gods once a week and beasts twice a week—in fact, to live for the 'real' 6½ days out of the 7. And some of us, you know, cannot, as the saying goes, 'do things by halves.' We must be wholly one thing or the other. There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There is no 'mediocre' for some of us. So we leave the choice to fate, and when fate has chosen for us the world rises and either crowns us with the laurel wreath or paints us with colors from the devil's palate. The world is so blind it cannot see that really we had no choice in the matter. I think sometimes fate makes a mistake. She grows weary sometimes and gives the 'good' where she ought to have given the 'bad.'"

"She made a mistake when she chose for me. Say she made a mistake—please."

"She made a mistake. I knew it the moment I saw your face. You were intended to show men the path to heaven."

"And I have only shown them the road to"—

"Hush. Come with me. Come home with me and rest. I live alone. I have never done any good in the world. I have never loved any one or helped any one. I am 'a good man.' It is not my fault. I was meant for 'a bad.' But as fate made a mistake you can trust me. I will try to help you. I will try to make life beautiful for you. I will take you where the sea murmurs among the rocks, where the wind blows the scent of heather across the great wild moors. Come with me"—

The woman rose and gazed at the man with large, dreamy eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I am going to make life beautiful and peaceful and pure—for you."

"Leave off dreaming," she whispered sharply. "Awake! Do you know where you are? Do you see the sort of people who surround us? This is no place for dreams. It is time to go—good night. See here—you have spoken strangely to me—you cannot understand what it means for a woman—like me—to hear a man—like you—speak as you have spoken. My God! Why didn't I meet you before?"

He laughed. "Because fate made a mistake."

"Listen! You are a good man. Perhaps you won't be one always—never mind the music—listen! When I'm dead, tell the world what you have told me. Yes, I know—it's nothing. That may be so, but tell them what happened tonight and what I said. You are a good man, and you will do some good in the world, because good men are rare. Do as I've said, and you'll help us women. Goodby. You don't know what you've done for me tonight, what I feel—goodby! When I'm dead—don't forget. Oh, I am a fool to"—

The orchestra was playing "God Save the Queen," and the woman disappeared into the crowd. The man watched the electric lights go out. He lit a cigarette. Then some one told him it was time to leave the building. He ran out quickly into the street and searched for her, but she could not be found.

And all this happened some time ago, as I have said, and it is all quite true.

And the man has not forgotten his promise.—Pall Mall Budget.

Sure to Be the Case.

"I can't tell you," said the experienced suburbanite in reply to the question of his new neighbor, "when the next train goes, but I can tell you what your chances of catching it are."

"What are they?" inquired the new neighbor eagerly.

"Well, if you run as hard as you can," said the experienced resident, "you have 15 minutes to wait, and if you merely walk you'll find the train just pulling out."—Chicago News.

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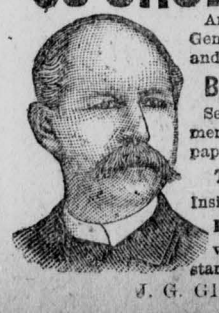

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